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STANZAS TO

QUEEN VICTORIA,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

SENNOIA RUBEK.

Sennoia Rubek

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C. A. ALVORD, ELECTROTYPED AND PRINTER.

PREFACE.

THE following Poems touch, in their nearest and dearest interests, all orders and degrees of human beings,—all religious denominations and parties,—all trades, professions, and occupations of life. The farmer, the courtier, the peasant, and the peer,—the orator, the philosopher, and the poet,—kings and subjects,—priests and people,—governors and the governed,—theologians and politicians,—master and mistress,—man-servant and maid-servant,—Jew, Gentile, Greek, Barbarian,—bond and free,—will find in this our little Manual of Slavery, not that only which is the subject and the object of abstract reflection, but much also that is calculated to excite to an active benevolence those individual and personal emotions which vibrate with the force of a moral electricity through all the springs of feeling in the heart.

The Methodist, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Baptist, and Episcopal churches and congregations are especially noticed in their attitudes respectively towards negro slavery; nor does the author fail to mention, alas! that it should be in terms so incommensurate with their exemplary consistency and sterling merit, the efforts of the excellent Society of Friends in the great and glorious cause of emancipation from human bondage.

PREFACE.

These Poems contain, moreover, in the notes and in the text, many salient points for commendation in our freemen, our women, our laws and institutions; and for satire, in Southern Slavery, conventions, fillibusterism, Georgian theology, domestic troubles, etc. Would that the Manual may prove to the public a soul-stirring fountain of wholesome and murmuring waters,—“*Querulis fons garrulus undis.*”

The verdict of the Public, be it favorable or otherwise, we trust we shall patiently abide, concluding meanwhile with the motto of Spenser,—

“Goe, little Booke: thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent!
And when thou art past jeoparddee,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee.”

THE PUBLISHER.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

SCENES IN CONGRESS.

THOU Cambrian pillar of the Golden State,
The muse of Satire summons thee, though late,
To bare thy head and heavenward lift thy hand,
Before that dread tribunal of our land,—
A people outraged by thy shameful brawls,
Within the sacred precincts of those halls
Where wisdom, truth, and equity preside,
And law and reason flourish side by side.
Such brawls are only worthy of the zones
Where bears and panthers strive with picaroons,—
Worthy the rôles of those Francisco hells
Where lust of gain with murderous riot dwells,—
Worthy the school where blood-stained Herbert, learned
In every vice, for civic honors yearned,
And gained them, too; to add to our disgrace,
The sickening horrors of his brazen face!

Is it for statesmen silvered o'er with age,
In ruthless vengeance thus to fume and rage?—
To call, in accents savage and untoward,
Their peer "a liar, slanderer, canting coward?"—
To rush with rampant fury from their chairs
(As beasts of prey from out their hidden lairs),
And fight with canes, revolvers, or their fists,
Like ruffian bullies in our prize-fight lists;

Or creep with velvet footsteps like an ounce,
 And, unawares, upon their victims pounce?
 Ye Gods! Not thus did Æschines contend;
 Not thus Demosthenes, to gain his end,
 To checkmate monarchs, or to win a crown,
 Of Athens worthy—worthy his renown;
 Not thus contended Bacon with his peers,
 Or the whole crew of slanderous garreteers!

When Tully's thunder burst o'er Piso's head,
 And flash on flash his fiery lightnings sped,
 They showed how truth and honor were at strife
 In Piso's public and his private life;
 Showed him in *both*, a tyrant, fool, poltroon,
 A swinish sot, a robber and buffoon.
 Nor less, when Antony and Catiline
 Their country's freedom sought to undermine,
 The patriot statesman winged his words of wrath,
 With tones prophetic, o'er their traitorous path,—
 Yet not from *private malice* sought their doom,
 But as the common enemies of Rome.

From Chatham's lips more graceful satire hear,
 In whispering, "Gentle shepherd, tell me where!"
 Or learn from Grattan's most impassioned tongue
 To be severe, and yet to do no wrong.

From Brougham take the thunder and the nod,
 The forked lightning and the scorpion rod,
 The barb, the lash, the nettle, and the thorn,
 The victim skulking from his withering scorn,
 The quivering muscle and the neck awry,
 The conjuring spectre in his glaring eye,
 Snake-like as cholera; while, with sovereign power,

SCENES IN CONGRESS.

He scales the rampart and assaults the tower—
The tower of life—and cries, This soul is mine,
Nor soul or body shall I e'er resign,
Till I have made them both subserve the cause
Of truth and justice, liberty and laws !
Yet Brougham never dealt destructive blows,
With arms unchartered, on his bitterest foes.
And who confesses not that perfect hit,
Of venomed satire from O'Connell's wit,
Pronouncing D'Israeli to have mourned his loss,
Like his ancestral type—the thief upon the cross ?

Yea, learn from Statesmen who are all our own,
Clay, Benton, Webster, Pinckney, and Calhoun,
To be sarcastic ; yet from reverence, fear
To wound or jar a Senatorial ear.
Ah me ! from Polyglotts of camps and mines,
'Tis hard to learn a language that refines
The want of culture in one's early life,
With social rules is war unto the knife.

"But G. from poverty has waxen rich !"
What, then, but that it aggravates his itch,—
The itch of vainly striving to be great,
When God and nature thwart a high estate,
In him and Herbert, who has failed to scan
The boy as father to the full grown man.
No truth more clear, nor creed revealed from heaven,
Than *this* : "'Tis hard to rid us of old leaven !"
Clear as that Bruins, black, or white, or hoary,
Are more deserving chastisement than glory ;
Clear as that blustering violence and wrath,
And scurvy juggles on our brilliant path

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Of Empire—check not speed the march of States,
Which else would seek admission at our gates.
From heroes of a vigilance committee,
Our chief attention turn we next to thee,
Thou Machiavelian necromancer—Slidell!
In diplomatic orchestras, *first fiddle*.
Pallas came armed from the head of Jove,
Or poets lie, take which side you approve;
In Slidell's brain conceived a great white house,
Has, as we feared, but issued in a mouse,
Or other far more loathsome little thing,
By Walcott sung, when George the Third was king.
Yet is he in his generation wise,
A gladiator skilled in hows and whys—
Skilled with his fellow-broker financiers,
To *try*, if possible, by bribes and fears,
Their slaves and slave-dominion to retain
In Cuba, purchased from the crown of Spain,
Through schemes devised by Judah Benjamin!

Ah! can our Hebrews ever cease to see
How wide the gulf 'twixt bondmen and the free;
Forget how Moses slew an overseer,
O'er captive exiles taught to domineer;
Forget a cruel tyrant's tale of bricks,
The clanking chains, the blows, the brutal kicks,
From which, through Moses and Jehovah's might,
They found deliverance in the darkest night
Of human thralldom yet endured by slaves,
'Midst desert sands and overwhelming waves;
Forget, in short, their own and Egypt's plagues,
And all but Cuba, pelf, and base intrigues?
Oh, Slidell! Slidell! Now in thy old age,
Dare thou be honest, though the rabble rage,

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT PIKE.

Though threats thine ears and gibbets greet thine eyes,
And wreck and ruin seize the vaulted skies,
This truth recall—"the *honest* are the *wise*."

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT PIKE,

A DISTINGUISHED CITIZEN OF ARKANSAS.

I.

ALBERT PIKE! Albert Pike!* with the courage to strike
The monster of Slavery down,
Or wound him, at least, as a venomous beast,
From his soles to the scalp of his crown,
Thou wouldst add to thy name a new chaplet of fame,
Far beyond thy poetic renown.

II.

Thy platform views, well adapted to cruise
'Neath the flag of a Know-Nothing barque,
Were never designed for the popular mind
On the deck of our Federal ark.
What seals up thine eye, that thou canst not descry,
As in old Massachusetts, the sins,
And the ruin and blame, and the sorrow and shame,
That litter where slavery reigns?

III.

Nor sorcery binds thee, nor interest blinds thee,
To see nothing else but a fee

* There may be many who do not know that Mr. Pike is a fine, portly looking man. He is of middle age, dignified presence, and high intellectual endowments. His hair and beard, long, thick and grizzled, and flowing to his breast, and massive shoulders, are not unbecoming such a figure. His manners are courteous and prepossessing. He would be looked upon, in any assembly of high-bred gentlemen, as a man of mark.

In an African slave, or a Seminole knave,
 Creek, Choctaw, or vile Cherokee.
 'Tis not that thou failest, for want of due ballast,
 And often receivest such shocks,
 As light, bounding minnows escape amidst billows,
 Which Tritons* transfix on a rock :
 As waders and suckers and divers and duckers
 Eschew, both on land and on sea,
 In risks which environ from lead and cold iron,
 The dashing, the fearless, the free.

IV.

Thou never canst mount, man, to Helicon's fount, man,
 Till lifted on Liberty's wing !
 With Pegasus spavined, cribbed, crippled, and bavined, †
 As thine is, no mortal can sing.
 Thy vein will not run in the shade or the sun, ‡
 Or fall like the rain-drops or dew ;
 'Tis an icicled prism, untouched by that chrism
 Poured out on the hallowed few.

* S. R. does not here mean the marine divinities of that name (*Tritonesque citi Phorcique exercitus omnis*), of whose aid Neptune availed himself, according to Virgil, to save the fleet of Eneas from the rocks and quicksands of Barbary.

" *Cymothoë simul et Triton adnixus acuto
 Detrudunt naves Scopulo.*"

He means that genus of marine, naked gastropodous mollusks, or Sea Slugs, to which the name Tritonia has been given by Cuvier ; or he may mean, rather, those marine creatures to which we apply the phrase *Tritonia monstra*. In short, the common acceptance of the words "Tritons and Minnows," will explain the author's meaning.

† *Bavined*. S. R. takes the liberty of here using what he considers a word pregnant with meaning, as derived from the name of a small poet mentioned in a sweet line of Virgil, "*Qui Baviū non odit, amet tua carmina Mævi!*" (See Gifford's Baviad and Mæviad.) Horace also has :

" *Mala soluta navis exiit alite
 Ferens olentem Mævium.*"

‡ See a volume of Poems, by A. Pike, of Arkansas.

V.

Aye! *Salvus sis Euge!* thy beautiful "*Nugæ*"
Are cloud-fringes lit by our moons,
Electric train bows, or fragments of rainbows,
On icebergs in Boreal zones—
Not motion and might from the life-giving light,
And the heat of our tropical suns.
The wit of the poet wants nothing to show it—
Ideas and words at his will
Flow in; 'tis in changing and nicely arranging
He proves his artistical skill.

VI.

Why, born a poet, art slow to avow it?
And why, as a jurist of mark,
Remain in Arkansas,* to wane or advance, as
A sun to revolve round a spark?
We do not deny, sir, that men with one eye, sir,
Are kings where the many are blind;
Nor that, like one Cæsar, who wrote from the Weser,
There are, who seem far more inclined
In a hamlet at home to be first, than in Rome
Be *next* to the first of mankind;
But thou, in those rings where none other than kings
Contend about matters of State,
Wouldst still hold thine own—mayhap, add a new crown
To thy laurels in *freedom's debate*.

* There are ladies and gentlemen in Arkansas who would do honor to any State in our Union; but if Arkansas be not, in general progress, a half century at least behind most of the other States, it is grossly slandered, not by S. R., but its own most respectable citizens.

S. R. trusts they will not be extreme to take amiss in these rhymes that anti-theetical license always conceded to those who write verse.

VII.

There are who, called rhymers, satirical mimers,
 In heydays of "*Nothing to Wear!*"
 Take wing from thy market, New York, or to lark it,
 Or labor to triumph elsewhere.
 Ah! wretched experience, an author at variance
 With publishers touching his works;
 He conscious of merit, they loath to infer it—
 Both moody as Tartars or Turks.
 "The volume will pay," says the author; "Nay, nay,"
 Quoth the publisher, "count not on readers
 Till thoroughly puffed, with your sails tensely luffed
 In the wind's-eye of newspaper leaders.

VIII.

"A slavery hater, whose work's *imprimatur*
 Dates solely this side the Atlantic,
 Is thought to be crude, sir, or stilted or rude, sir,
 Low, vulgar, pretentious, pedantic.
 And so of all works; if Macaulay's or Burke's
 Had first seen the light in *New York*, sir,
 With price much abated, their worth would be rated
 Much less than if printed in *Cork*, sir.*
 Our works want the wit, or the point of a cit,
 Of Jerrold or Hood—say of London!—

* The prejudice alluded to against cis-atlantic books, is not shared in by all. We have our Mutual Admiration Societies, and one stands but a poor chance of finding a publisher, who is not in some way connected with them. It has often been (with more bluntness than fairness or politeness) remarked to the author of these rhymes, that if he possessed the poetic abilities of Lowell, Longfellow, or Mr. W. A. Butler, he would soon find a publisher in New York. When, in the simplicity of his heart, he responded: "How can you tell that I have not written, or am not capable of writing, as good poetry as any of them? You have not examined my work; you know nothing of its contents. Many good writers ere now have wanted a Mæcenas or a Longman"—a look of pity or contempt was the only rejoinder vouchsafed him.

But once brought out *there*, sir (I would not despair, sir),
Would sell, though republished by Condon.*

IX.

"But yours is a poem; no need of a poem
In these days of railroads—do hark it?
Scarce Milton himself can descend from his shelf—
Sir, poems are drugs in the market!
Anti-Slavery, too, sir! it never will do, sir!
First attempt—lock it up! my advice, sir!
Done to death—will not pay! hands too full! do, I pray
You, attempt something novel; *good by, sir!*
Anti-slavery verse, be it ever so terse,
Is not more attractive than prose is;
Men stare with surprise, and then turn up their eyes—
What then, sir? Sir, turn up their *noses*."

X.

A publishing critic, with faith emporetic
In books Hiawatha, Miles Standish,
And Newman's new Horace—as prosy and poor as†
Its fellows, and quite as outlandish—
Will vastly more prize, though so many despise,
Than authors—not known—who write verses
Which Johnson or Dryden or Pope would take pride in,†
While damning those metrical farces.

XI.

If thoughts are as gems, who their setting contemns
O'erlooks half the work of a poet;

* *Condon*. The inevitable law of rhyme forces this name upon us. If there be any one of the name, a fifth or sixth rate publisher, S. R. begs leave to assure him that he (S. R.) knows nothing of that fact.

† See some excellent articles upon this subject in late numbers of the Westminster and London Quarterly Reviews (Oct., 1858).

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

This Horace did not, nor Lord Byron nor Scott,
Nor Moore (even Puritans know it).*
Machines can make rhyme, but to write a sublime
And a beautiful poem without it,
Requires such blank verse, or redundant or terse,
As Shakespeare's or Milton's throughout it.
Not to rhyme is as easy, mayhap, as some leasy
Blank-verser may find when it boots him,
Under any pretence, or of sound or of sense,
To thrum some new gamut that suits him.

XII.

Hexametrical length, if *per se* it had strength,
Yet suits not our language or people;
Its *rhythmus sans* rhyme, out of *place*, out of *time*,
Is like a high church with low steeple.
Horatian feet are, in English metre,
Let publishers think what they may,
Excepting a few, which we cannot eschew,
Like Philomel mocked by a jay.
To thee, our Prince Albert, with stylus or halbert,
Prepared for stoccado or tierce,
These strictures apply not, provided you try not
That frothy hexameter verse.

XIII.

A volume of rhymes, says the *Charleston Times*,
By recent *nem. con.* resolution,

* Sydney Smith (not the Admiral) had the manliness to admire the poetry of Lord Byron; not so Robert Hall, though quite as good a judge of its beauties. As for Moore, we know him to have been *tabooed* in public by some who carried about a pocket edition of his poems, which passed for a "*Book of Discipline*!"

ADDRESSED TO ALBERT PIKE.

Is now in the press of Buchanan and Hess,
To prove of Divine institution
—Patriarchal, monarchal, mayhap oligarchal—
Our Southern Slave Constitution.
Ye Gods! can a Muse thus descend to the stews
Of past ages, to aid in oppression—
To fetter the free, bend to tyrants the knee,
And propagate wrong and aggression?
No Muse but some doxy—perhaps of Biloxi—
Deficient in spirit and flight,
Unable to mount or to Helicon's fount,
Or Solyma's loftier height,
Can fail of opposing and loudly exposing
This cursed and foul importation
Of slaves from abroad, which add still to the load
Of our own and our land's degradation.
Send, Heaven, some Tyrtæus, with lyrical virtues,
Some Cowper, or Campbell, or Byron,
To rescue the slave from the fetters that grave
On his spirit the signet of iron.

XIV.

Thou, *certes*, thy level, *sans* plummet or bevel,
Wouldst find in a Northern State;
But, then, competition's the *normal condition*
Of all who aspire to be great.
Go plead for the slave in the land of the brave,
The noble, the gifted, the free;
'Tis freedom alone can give spirit and tone
To a leader, a genius like thee!*

* S. R. differs *toto cælo* from Mr. Pike's Know-Nothing and pro-slavery views; but, setting these aside, had, before the rebellion, the highest respect for his character, and admiration of his fine talents.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

xv.

What! thou as a trooper to serve under Cooper,*
That traitorous robber and thief,
Who bartered his soul to Commissioner Dole,
In league with a Chickasaw chief?
But, no; not to Dole did he barter his soul;
Dole's conscience is clear of those evils
Of treason and fraud and oppression—fit load
For a man with a legion of devils.
Field added to field, and chicane for a shield,
And gold filched from Treasury vaults,
May seem for a while rebel hearts to beguile,
But *Justice*, if *slow*, never halts!
When Cooper is found either gaffed or harpooned,
He will learn that the faith of a savage
Is just like his own, and is founded alone
On license to scalp and to ravage.
The hordes he has led will all pray he were dead,
And hung from a tree or the gallows,

* "A great man, sir! a very great man, sir!" as S. Houston once ironically called him; or as—*mutatis mutandis*—Judge Page said of Savage, the poet, "A much greater man than you or I, gentle reader!"

Gen. Douglas Cooper, a creature of Jeff. Davis, is a big, stout, plethoric, lazy, whiskey-bloated Mississippi farmer, who is just enough of a lawyer to be a roguish! His mouth is an open sepulchre, garnished by a row of teeth like those of a large rip-saw out of order. His expression of countenance, as exhibited in his photograph in Pennsylvania Avenue, at Washington, reveals the whole character of the man. Cooper prefers the garbage of an Indian life, and the wind-falls of an Indian agency (the payment of dead claimants—a most productive source of fraud), to the comforts and decencies of a civilized home and a refined family.

Shortly before the rebellion, he went to Washington with some Indian chiefs; and, having represented himself as the most loyal of Unionists, succeeded in getting a large sum of money, with a view of keeping the Indians faithful to the government. Cooper of course had the lion's share of the spoils, and soon showed his rebel colors. Commissioner Dole considers him the greatest of all the scoundrels called forth by the rebellion, and so do I. Nothing could equal Cooper's exuberance of joy on the occasion of Brooks's assault upon Mr. Sumner.

POETS AND STATESMEN VERSUS SLAVERY.

Nay, hang him themselves, and divide him in halves,
One half to each tribe of his fellows.
Like some of thy name, and of classical fame,*
He has swallowed the hook with the bait,
To tumble and toss, with no very small loss
Of patience and blubber and weight.

POETS AND STATESMEN VERSUS SLAVERY.

English and American poets, Burns, Cowper, Thomas Moore, Bryant, Longfellow, Hoyt, and others specially referred to; publishers and editors of newspapers, and clergymen, with certain politicians and municipal officers; glance at Pitt, Wilberforce, and Burke; comparison with Juvenal and Persius. Note on the character and writings of Burke.

Who wings to heaven his eagle flight,
With Milton's Muse, or, in the light
Of Shakespeare, humankind surveys,
All nature open to his gaze;
Or studies *him* of gracious mien,
The author of the Faery Queen;
Or glorious Dryden, great and strong,
In eclogue, apologue, and song;
Crabbe, Southey, Wordsworth, Collins, Gray,
Or unsophisticated Gay;
Or the transcendent verse of Pope,
Or him who sang "primæval hope,"
And waked the slumbering hills to ring
With echoes of sweet Wyoming,
Must own that all with ecstasy,
As men of genius, noble, free,
Bold, fearless, hating tyranny,

* See Lucian's Dialogues.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Have heralded the certain doom
Of Slavery in Christendom.

Hail! Thompson, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Young!
Hail! Scotia's sweetest child of song!
Thou bard of passionate desire,
Chief minstrel of the festal lyre,
High priest and prophet of the heart,
The model type of artless art—
Nay, *genius* far above all rules,
Or read in books, or taught in schools;
Though oft by moral tempests toss'd
On disappointment's rocky coast—
In act and word and soul of thought
Humanitarian throughout.

Thrice hail! Beloved and gentle bard,
Illustrious author of the Task!
What Argus eyes, what watch or ward,
What expurgation and what mask,
What venal publisher or printer,
What brutal overseeing Stentor,
What sordid sycophant or sharper,
What Scribner, Appleton, or Harper,
What vile disunionist diurnal,
Who only cares to sell his journal,
What Brooks, what Bonner, or what Bennet,
What Toombs or Slidell of the Senate,
What Buncombe babbler or quill-man,
What puffing literary pill-man,
What tricky, mercenary wag,
With bogus insults to our flag,
What Cushing and O'Connor flunkies,
Astute and mischievous as monkeys,

Or spiders, weaving chains and checks
For white men's tongues and black men's necks
Who dare, at freedom's high behest,
The sum of villanies detest,
What Raphael, Prentice, or Van Dyke,
Who, like a fierce, voracious pike,
To kidnap men and God to libel,
Rend freedom's charter in the Bible —

What Mayor Wood or Marshal Rynders,
With threatening fists and gnashing grinders,
And cries of treason and sedition
Against the friends of abolition ;
Nay, who, with blasphemies comital,
In solemn guise of forms official,
From God, the source of every joy,
Would stay the homage we employ
When in his temple we appear,
To hail him sovereign of the year ;
What dastard vigilance committee,
With coat of feathered tar to fit ye,
If, like the lion-hearted Beccher,
Sweet freedom's consecrated preacher,
Ye through the pulpit or the press
Should seek a negro-slave's release,
Can quench the light through which thy muse
The countless wrongs of Slavery views,
Or drown thy hymn of Freedom's birth
O'er all the nation's of the earth ?

And thou, our bright Anacreon,
The Muses' most melodious son !
Thou Saxo-Celtic little Naso,
In love and song renowned a Tasso,

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

As Horace finished, faultless, witty,
Whether the angels' loves or Kitty,
Or wine, or Erin's rocky shore,
Or Ind or Afric please thee more,
What heart, transported by thy lyre,
And touched with Freedom's hallowed fire,
Can dare her preciousness deery,
Nor curse the ills of Slavery?

Or thine, our venerated Bryant,
For Freedom's rights alone defiant,
In joyous youth and hoary age
The friend of Freedom's heritage,
Whose muse admits nor word nor thought
Which, dying, thou couldst wish to blot.

Go forth, Apocalyptic Angel!
With Longfellow's divine evangel,
Sweet poet of the golden lyre,
To warm the heart, the spirit fire,
And herald, over land and sea,
The captive exile's jubilee!

Or dearer Hoyt's enchanting muse,
To paint in all the rainbow's hues
Scenes glowing, heartfelt, bright, serene,
As ever tasked a poet's pen,—
Fair scenes of love and joy and peace,
And heavenly harmony and grace,
And light as pure as that which throws
Its purple rays on polar snows.

Here Life and Landscape* both agree
To wake thy touching minstrelsy ;
And there, alike o'er earth and ocean,
Echoes of Memory and Emotion ;
And last, not least, thine Invalid,
Sweet Freedom's purposes to aid.

See Lowell, Whittier, Doane, and Morris,
Bards worthy of the praise of Horace,
Poe, Parker, Sigourney, and Child,
And Willis,† sage of Idlewild !
See also here the declamation,
And eke the ratiocination,
Of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Channing,
Of Pitt, and Fox, and greater Burke,‡

* Life and Landscape, Echoes of Memory and Emotion, and the National Invalid, by the Rev. Ralph Hoyt, Rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd, New York. Mr. Hoyt is one of the sweetest of our poets, and one of the most faithful, laborious, and indefatigable of pastors. His poetry, published in two volumes, is a mine of gold—a well of pure and sparkling waters, springing from the depths of a tender, compassionating spirit, and arched by a rainbow of the richest and rarest colors. A man of exquisite taste and judgment, genial, hopeful, generous, confiding, self-reliant, and possessing a noble independence of character—to know is to honor and esteem him. Is it not lamentable that a man of such talents, so loving and so lovable, with a large family, all zealous as himself in the cause of religion, being, in fact, his organists, choristers, sextons, vestrymen, and wardens, should be dependent for support, as doubtless he is in a great measure, if not altogether, upon a small annual fluctuating income, the free-will offerings of a poor congregation, and less in amount than a single Sunday collection in Grace Church or Trinity, St. Paul's or St. George's?

† S. R. has learned, since the above lines were written, that Messrs. Morris and Willis are rather advocates than opponents of Southern slavery. A *fico* for the reputation—moral, literary, or religious—the posthumous reputation, that is, of any one, poet, orator, philosopher, theologian, or statesman, who advocates human bondage !

‡ *Edmund Burke*. This transcendent genius, one of the most profound and brilliant of English writers—if not decidedly the first—the greatest orator among

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

And others who promote their work,
The fire on Freedom's altar fanning.
Scarce with more vehemence at Rome,
Where vice and folly made their home,
Did Juvenal and Persius sear
Bawds, panders, parasites, and tear
The mask from villany, than those
Who, or in poetry or prose,

philosophers, and the greatest philosopher among statesmen—a prophet and more than a prophet, politically—

“Quem gloria rerum commendat clarumque decus;”

a man who, though more unjustly damaged by a distich than any other distinguished person save Lord Bacon; who, though often accused by his adversaries of partisan blindness, bitter prejudice, gross exaggeration, tergiversation, and inconsistency of all kinds, *will*, if the circumstances under which his apparently conflicting sentiments were expressed, be duly taken into consideration, stand forth before the world, not only as a colossus of intellectual power, above the measure of his contemporaries, but as the most clear-sighted, upright, candid, fearless, and consistent of public men in any age or country. This illustrious man, we repeat, the most formidable enemy that corruption and oppression in high places have ever encountered, is sometimes ignorantly pressed into the service of pro-slavery advocates, because he has given to the world a sketch of a code of laws for the correction of abuses in the government of plantation negroes, and for the regulation of the African slave-trade with the West India colonies of Great Britain.

That he thought its abolition more advisable than any scheme of reformation; that he heartily wished it at an end; that he regarded it as the sense of the House of Commons that the trade should gradually decline, and cease altogether after a definite period; that he conceived the *true origin* of the trade was not in the place at which it was begun, but at the place of its final destination; that he felt disposed to allow the evil for a time, in order the better to correct it; that his plan would lead to its final extinction; that he trusted infinitely more, according to the sound principles of those who ever have, at any time, meliorated the state of mankind, to the effect and influence of *religion* than to all the rest of the regulations put together, are, in so many words, with many others wisely delivered, his views upon the subject in his prefatory letter to Mr. Dundas, and in the following preamble of the sketch referred to:

“Whereas, it is expedient and most conformable to the principles of true religion and morality, and to the rules of sound policy, to put an end to all traffic in the persons of men, and to the detention of their said persons in a state of slavery, as soon as the same may be effected without producing great inconveniences in

Through Britain's isles or these our States,
Great chartered soil of free debates,
The wrongs of slavery condemn,
As far more criminal in men
Who Christianity profess,
Than 'tis to those who prayers address
To stocks and stones, and bend the knee
In error and idolatry.

the sudden change of practices of such long standing, and during the time of the continuance of said practices, it is desirable and expedient, by proper regulations, to lessen the inconveniences and evils attendant on the said traffic and state of servitude, until *both shall be gradually done away*, etc. Be it enacted, etc., etc."—(Burke's Works, vol. ii., pp. 389, 390. Harper, 1847.)

An article on Burke, from a late number of the *British Critic*, takes, as remarked by a New York journal (20th Jan., 1859), a different view of the character and talents of that orator and politician from that which has generally been expressed. The writer in the *Critic* asserts that Burke misunderstood the character and tendency of the French Revolution; that he picked up a few facts favorable to his prejudices and his sophistries, but of the tragedies in a million homes, &c., he was profoundly ignorant, (a very ignorant man, no doubt, was Burke!) picking up a few facts, &c.

Our learned Theban goes on to say, that after a conscientious perusal of twenty volumes of Burke's works, he can conscientiously declare that he found nothing in them to inspire him with a lofty estimate of the head or the heart of the late Mr. Burke.

We have never had the good fortune to read twenty volumes of Mr. Burke's writings, and are not a little surprised that a man who found nothing in the head or heart of Mr. Burke to admire, should engage in an undertaking so unprofitable; and that, too, in all probability, with *very much to admire* in other writings around him. On reading the opinion of this critic, we opened our second volume of Mr. Burke's works, at the Letters on a Regicide Peace; we glanced at the Letter to a Noble Lord, the Letter to Mr. Elliott, the Thoughts on French Affairs, and on Scarcity; we looked into a few of his speeches, closed the volume, and pronounced the man who could see nothing, in even a tithe of what we had perused in one short sitting, to inspire him with a lofty estimate of the head and heart of the late Mr. Burke, a prodigy of *obtuseness*, *heartlessness*, and *prejudice*. See the opinions of such men as Lords Brougham and Macaulay, Lord John Russell, and William Hazlitt.

In short, no one man, in ancient or modern times, has bequeathed to statesmen and politicians so rich a legacy of political wisdom and eloquence as are the writings of the late Mr. Burke.

APPEAL TO BARTH AND LIVINGSTONE.

WITH A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON KING COTTON, AND OTHER NOTABILITIES OF COMMERCE.

I.

YE men of enterprise and worth,
Distinguished Livingstone and Barth!
Have ye encountered, from Cape Bon
Down to the Mountains of the Moon,
Or on the waters of the Zairé,
A man with woolly head or hairy ;
Or on the Maio, near Kabara,
Along the banks of the Kowara,
Soudan, Felatah-land, Winkara,
Among Tuaricks or Wikambas,
Yungos, Balondas and Masambas,—
Or on the seaboard of Nyassi,*
Or plains of Lobale or Cassai,
Or on the mighty lake of Ngami,
Through Kalahari to Krumami,—
Or Shire's meads or Shirwa valley,
In soil as rich as Elealeh,
Or Ruo's banks or Zomba's brow,
Where cotton-weavers even now,
With treadles, shuttles, warp and woof,
Keep want and nakedness aloof,—
Or where the Congo circumscribes
Great Mais, chief of many tribes,—
Or where the mighty Muanzanza
His sovereign sway extends to Panza ;

* Lake Nyassi, called The Sea.—*See Colton's Atlas.*

Or Matiamvo, king of men,
 Reigns paramount o'er Barotse plain,—
 Or southward, thence, to Cape Agullas,
 A single negro such a fool as
 To manifest the least desire
 To leave his country and his sire,
 That he may vegetate and rot on
 Some patch of sugar-cane or cotton,
 Tobacco, cocoa, coffee, rice,
 Or any esculent or spice ;
 A slave to one who gives but clothes
 And food, with cruel cuffs and blows ;
 Who looks upon him as a brute,
 With scarce a human attribute ;
 Who, in the color of his skin,
 Sees the unpardonable sin ;
 And yet so blind and incoherent
 To deem himself as God's vicegerent,
 In that he would the *man o'erdrive*,
To save the Negro soul alive !

II.

Suppose that even the very worst
 Befall a slave, in lands accursed
 With Pagan ignorance and vice,
 Idolatry and prejudice—
 Can that be pleaded as a reason,
 Or any other than high-treason,
 A foolish, wicked, vain pretence
 Against both law and common sense,
 That *Christians* should be so malefic,
 So destitute of all *that's good*,
To carry on a murderous traffic
In human flesh and human blood ?

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

III.

Some think it a most indispensable thing
To hold men as bond slaves where *Cotton* is king;
Moreover, *slaves*, never as hopeless of cash,
Work well without fear of the cudgel or lash.
We could not, without them, produce such supplies
As would for our millions of people suffice,
For millions of looms, spinning-jennies and wheels,
Employed on our robes from our head to our heels.
Slaves all have a special regard for King Sheep-wool,
And need in his service nor cowhide nor peep-skull.*
King *Cane* must, however, have paddles and whips,
That slaves may his nectar commend to our lips.
'Tis only your blacks who can bear the hot stream,
The fire and the vapor of sugar-house steam,
As well as the culture of ginger and spice,
Yams, coffee and cocoa, bananas and rice.
From Texas to Spain, from Japan to Morocco,
Black slaves are the subjects to suit King Tobacco;
And who to deny will be hardy enough
That their noses were made to be servile to snuff?
'Tis only a nigger that can with good grace
Exhibit a dust-hole each side of his face,
Presume, without manifest folly or sin,
To masticate compost as black as his skin,
Or taint our best carpets, our hearthstones and rugs,
With pools of saliva as noisome as bugs.

IV.

They doubtless would also be fit for King Bom-
Ba!—Sense must we sever from rhyme thus to come
Into play with *King Rye*, and *Kings Millet* and *Wheat*,
King Iron, *King Brass*, *Copper-mines*, and *King Peat*,

* *Peep-skull*. A nick-name for Overseer.

King Silver, King Lead, and "that merry old soul,"
 The blackest of niggers, our good friend *King Coal* ;
 The best, we believe, of those named, on the whole,
 Good for fire and for light and for steaming and gas,
 The smelting of ores, and the shaping of glass,
 The working and moulding of copper and iron,
 Gold, silver, and tin, and all ores which environ
 The earth, or lie deeply intombed in its chawdron,
 Like gems which from *heat* take some shape *chiliadron* ;
 And last, though not least, is its use for the Press,
 The beacon of Freedom, the seal of redress,
 The touchstone of truth, hidden things to explore,
 And prove to the masses that knowledge is power.
 A muse of great note sees in *John Barley-corn*
 The greatest of heroes or monarchs yet born ;
 Yet some have more faith in, than all put together,
 That wise and most puissant monarch, *King Leather*.
 The Yankees assert that *Kings Live-stock* and *Hay*,
Kings Butter and *Cheese*, rule with absolute sway,
 North of Mason and Dixon, where also *Machine*,
 With most other potentates, holds his demesne ;
 Yet freely admit that *King Hemp* and *King Slaughter*
 O'errule at the South, or assuredly "oughter !"
 For though our *best hemp* to the North owes its *growth*,
 'Tis more in executive need at the *South*.
 We instance their hanging of Methodist parsons,
 Most falsely accused of well-poisonings and arsons.

v.

Kings Brandy and *Rum*, and *King Gin*, have dominions,
 Where all, black and white, have discordant opinions ;
 Where battles are fought, and where glory is none ;
 Where costards are broken with bludgeon or stone,
 As late in those riotous fights in New York,

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Where pestilent fellows from Glasgow or Cork,
With howlings and yellings, and horrid grimaces,
Befitting the scum of all turbulent places,
And billets and bludgeons, and weapons of iron,
The homes of a peaceable people environ
(Urged on by an artful and traitorous horde,
Secessionists all, both in deed and in word),
For no other crime or misdoing, I ween,
Than that which is found in the hue of their skin,
And drag them to death, and pursue in the streets,
And torture and kill amidst curses and threats !
One fiendish, murderous ruffian, espying
A victim of cruelty bleeding and dying,
Uplifted a paving-stone, heavy as lead,
And all that was human effaced from his head ;
But sidewalks bespattered with blood are less foul
Than the horrible stains on that murderer's soul.
Another swung high from a gibbet was seen,
Calced, it is said, in a blaze of camphene ;
Some have it, however, that rescued, though late,
His life was preserved from that terrible fate.
An Orphan Asylum consumed to the ground,
Its poor little in-dwellers flying around
For protection, must finish what (*par parenthese*)
We here can record of this devilish case.
Can Erin, how glorious soever her sheen,
Erase this d——d spot from her emerald green ?
More criminal far than the ruffians from Cork,
Are those of the Copperhead crew in New York,
Who dare to extrude from Eighth-avenue cars,*
For no other cause than their skin and their scars,

* *Eighth-Avenue Cars.* Captain Raymond, of the Harris Cavalry, during the riots in July, placed two negroes, a young man and a very old woman, under the protection of the author of these rhymes. They came from Staten Island. Some

Our soldiers, and others of African blood—
 Not one whit less pure than themselves, and as good
 (If "*all men by nature are equal*") as those
 Who piously lift up their eyes and their nose,
 In loathing and hate of a down-trodden tribe,
 Meet subjects, they think, for a sneer and a gibe,
 "Because of unsavory smells from their flesh,
 As oily and tainted and rancid as fish!"
 Ah me! there are whites who, from sweating and grease
 From nature, from habit, neglect, or disease,
 Are foul as the nastiest African throng,
 And much more offensive in act and in tongue.
 Yet such to Eighth-avenue cars are admitted—
 Nay, more: who most truculent crimes have committed,
 Are gladly received; while poor, innocent blacks
 Are forced with contumely out on their tracks.
 Full many a time in the States of the South
 (We cannot and will not gloss over the truth)
 We've travelled in coaches with those in high life,
 But never observed, as a matter of strife,
 That slaves of all colors and shades sat beside
 Their owners with quite as much pleasure and pride

days after the riots were quelled, the man, accompanied by his protector, returned to the island to see the Captain. There they encountered a number of scowling and murderous-looking ruffians, who, being in the employment of the government, did not dare, in open daylight, to offer violence. We then took the negro to New York. Having tried to enter an Eighth-avenue car, *in transitu*, at Spring street, we were rudely repulsed by the conductor, who said, "they did not take niggers." We glanced at the passengers on leaving, and saw a number of fellows with whom any negro in New York would bear a favorable comparison. At the corner of Morris street, on the wharf, one drunken, violent vagabond seized our poor follower; but a determination on our part, if necessary, to sacrifice our life in his defence, induced his assailant to desist. The police were, moreover, fortunately within call. Have the railroad company any right to exclude from their cars a colored servant accompanying a white citizen—a *bond fide servant*—in the employment of such citizen?—S. R.

As the owners themselves — we should rather say more,
 For such is the love of *display* in the Moor ;—
 But here, whom we view as the scum of the earth,
 Disdain and abhor all of African birth !
 So much for Eighth-avenue—now to King Cotton
 Return we, as Frenchmen are wont to our mutton.*
 Mark also *Kings Marble* and *Timber* and *Brick*,
 By whom a black skull is not valued a tick ;
 For none have constructiveness, so it is said
 (They want both for trades and professions a *head*).
 By none are they valued so much as by *Log*,
 Whose trunk is all sapwood, his head wrapt in fog ;
 'Tis thought by such only that commerce and trade,
 If blacks were set free, would immediately fade ;
 And that with the fact lying plainly before them,
 That thousands of laboring whites would implore them
 For work, with good wages, in sugar and rice fields,
 Or any employ which a good paying price yields.

VI.

Do look at those boat-hands employed at the South,
 Those ditch and those levy men—owning the truth,
 That ne'er in an Indian or African sun
 Was work so laborious more cheerily done ;
 Not even by our own gallant tars off Rangoon,
 Or brave British hearts, without querulous clamor,
 Now fighting in India at fifty of *Raumer*.
 Make Africans free, and white labor will double
 In profit and quality, saving the trouble
 Which now, with the sense of the world in league
 Against slavery, makes it a curse and a plague.

**Revenons à nos mouton.*

VII.

Now what we respectfully aim at is this,
 —We trust our good friends will not take it amiss—
 That, aided by Europe, we all pay a tax
 To hasten the freedom of Southern slave blacks
 (For Europe ought certainly help to make cease
 A curse which her people have helped to increase),
 And send them as colonists back to those lands
 From which they were forced by piratical bands;
 That our government now for these children of Juba
 Pay at least thrice *ten times* what it offered for Cuba.
 Would this be too much for their blood spent, and toil,
 Increasing our commerce and working our soil,
 With beggarly raiment, cheap food, and no wages,
Sans love, sans respect, sans approval, for ages?
 Now, now! brother freemen, or never, betake ye
 To do what Great Britain has done in Jamaica,
 For slaves; then with jennies and frames and power-looms,
 Gins, teachers, and books, send them all to their homes.
 A thousand times better some loss to our marts,
 Than down-trodden people with desolate hearts;
 A thousand times better abandoned plantations,
 Than consciences stung with remorse and vexations.

VIII.

Apparatus and seed might for sugar be tried, too,
 And steamboats and wagons, where needed, supplied, too;
 For want of conveyance increases the trouble
 Of African farmers a hundred-fold double.
 Our freedmen, as stated, to emigrate wrought on,
 Should stop where the soil is adapted to cotton,
 Or sugar, or indigo, coffee, or rice,
 Or other productions that yield a good price.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH

Not a few might be placed at Cape Coast, or Loango,
Or up the Zambezi as high as Chapongo;
No delta more rich, not the Ganges' or Nile's,
Or e'en Mississippi for hundreds of miles;
Its rapids, 'tis said, may be easily passed,
Deserted no longer, no longer a waste.

IX.

There are who may live to see yet on its banks
The empire of Saxons, the commerce of Franks;
Fish Bay, or the Nourse, Omarruru, or Canna;
Or Elephant Fount, Wesley Vale, Batouana;
The Swakop, Kinsip, Chuntop Kurachane,
Gariep or Mapoot, Gavarro, Inhambane
(Inhambane—not distant from Wilberforce Cape,
And fit, one should think, for the culture of grape);
The lands on the Benin, Lake Tchadd, the Kowarra,
Bornou and Soudan, by the Chadda, to Vari;
The Assinee, Voltra, Cavalla, St. Paul,
Gallinas, Searcios, Jeba, Senegal—
Might all be by millions of colonists planted,
Who with ease might supply all the produce now wanted,
Thus creating new wants, and revealing new sources,
Give Nature new life, and mechanics new forces.
Our planters at home, if requiring more hands
Than we can afford, to supply their demands,
Than slaves, or free white men, a body of Coolies,
Would find it an easier task to control is;
Or Peons of Mexico, better and cheaper,
And far less in need of the eye of a keeper.
An agent or two from our districts or counties
Might go to engage them for suitable bounties,
To work, as agreed, for a series of years,
Their passage paid, and imburshed all arrears,

SONG.

Both parties well pleased, without fear of estrangements,
Would enter anew into former arrangements.
Or better, by far, would it now seem to be,
Since slaves of the rebels are all proclaimed free—
Yea! all who within our *cordon militaire*
Seek freedom, are free as the fresh mountain air—
That, owning their masters' sequestered lands,
They hold them as headmen, not less than as hands,
And prove that the child of an African sun
Is worthy himself and his labors to own;
Or, hiring as freemen for liberal wages,
Raise cotton or sugar as each one engages—
Contented to own, or to live on the soil,
In climates best suiting their tastes and their toil.
Their masters have taught them the art of production—
'Twere strange if they failed to improve the instruction;
Enlarging their minds, and their comforts and homes,
And sending all nations supplies for their looms.
They'll think of past tyranny only to hate it,
And sing, *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*.
We, too, to our chief now indite some new odes,
A chief worth a legion of Mantuan gods!

SONG.

ADDRESSED TO HIS EXCELLENCY ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES.

MAGNANIMOUS chief of a chivalrous nation.

The pole-star of freedom awaits on thy name;
Resplendent with hope to our slave population,
Their minds to illumine, their rights to proclaim.
To thee 'tis reserved, in the sphere of thy duty,
To sunder the last link of Slavery's chain:

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Its wrongs to redress, and restore in their beauty
Stray planets to move in their orbits again.
Awake, then, great chief, to renown in our story!
The nations all hail thee as destined to be
A halo of light, and a pillar of glory,
The hope of the bondman, the pride of the free!

United we stand, but divided we perish,
So proverb'd experience instructs us to think;
The faith we profess, and the hopes that we cherish,
In union must rise, or in disunion sink.
Now up with our star-spangled banner forever,
Each new star increasing our lustre and might,
The stripes still retaining, from bondage we sever,
But keep as a terror to foemen in fight.
Awake, then, etc.

(OR THIS:)

Our national chief stands revealed in his glory,
O'er continents, oceans, and isles of the sea,
The herald of union to Whig and to Tory,
The friend of the slave, and the boast of the free.
See genius and skill, and good sense and good nature,
Integrity, eloquence, wisdom, and wit,
With modesty marked in his every feature,
And all with the sunshine of cheerfulness lit!

As Washington pure, and as Jefferson able,
Not Adams more faithful, or Jackson more brave,
To handle the rudder, to manage the cable,
To right the great ship, and to master the wave.
Then rally in force, ye Republican freemen,
Around the bright banner of Lincoln the Wise,
The friend of paid labor, protector of women,
The joy of our heart, and the light of our eyes!

A PRO-SLAVERY BISHOP.

A PRO-SLAVERY BISHOP.

ADDRESS TO THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS.

I.

He ill deserves a freeman's honored name,
Who lulls the sense of conscious guilt and shame,
Auspicious harbinger of future good!
In those who might and those who gladly would
The slave unloose from servitude and woe,
And in his heart bid heavenly virtues glow.
Ye priests and teachers of a holy creed!
Whence comes your new commission to impede
The growth of righteousness in human hearts?
That heavenly light to stifle which imparts
Life, love, and truth, benevolence divine,
And all that tends the spirit to refine?
I would not—no, for all the world holds dear—
The advocate of slavery appear;
Or gloss the text which makes the captive see
The worth, the priceless worth of liberty!

II.

A bishop thou? and Freeman is thy name!
Oh, shame to reason! To religion shame!
What! serve God's altar in his house,
And there the cause of slavery espouse?
Is this to fill thy memory with the law? *
Thy hearers' hearts from evil to withdraw?
Cimmerian darkness from the soul to chase,
The will to quicken with celestial grace?

* See the Ordinal in the Book of Common Prayer.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Is this the faith on holy prophets built,
But chief on him who cleanses from all guilt,
The truth, the life, the way, the model rule,
Too plain, too holy to mislead a fool?
Is this the unity and bond of peace—
This the abundant gift of heavenly grace?
Is this the light of knowledge to impart—
With love divine to renovate the heart?
Is this of truth and righteousness the path,
Or that of cruel perfidy and wrath?
Is this to fly the venom'd serpent's face,
Or Gorgon's viperous tresses to embrace?
Is this thy people on thy heart to bear,
And on its altar pour the oil of prayer?

III.

Prophets, apostles, teachers, all were given
In faith and love to win the souls to heaven!
Is he a shepherd entering at the door,
Who hears wolves howl and hungry lions roar,
Yet, as a hireling utterly forsworn,
Deserts his flock in savage fury torn?

IV.

Ye watchmen, shepherds, stewards, divinely sent
To teach, premonish, feed, provide, prevent!
Have ye of all without "a good report!"
Dares no one, truly, on your lives, retort
That you have shunned God's teachings to assert—
Nay, striven his plainest statutes to pervert?
Freeman! We envy not the doubtful praise
That made thee bishop in degenerate days.
We envy not the powers which forge a chain
To bind the body and the spirit stain,

A PRO-SLAVERY BISHOP.

And as a canker to the heart of slaves,
From pain no respite gives but in their graves.

v.

From their effects to their infernal source,
To thee belongs, distinguished Wilberforce,*
Hereditary friend of Afric's race,
The countless ills of *slavery* to trace,
Our Freeman's sermons to hold up to scorn,
Conceived in blindness, of oppression born ;
And yet, perhaps, disdain would best reply,—
* * * * *

Ah ! well-a-day ! The very men he sought
To please, by preaching creeds with error fraught,
Soon learned to mete ineffable contempt
On every vain and impotent attempt
A bilious code of morals to impose
On harmless social circles,† they arose,
In mass * * * * *
* * * * *

The charm was gone, the man of God retired,
With restless zeal and quick resentment fired,
To brand as hateful, damnable decoys—
Shows, pageants, galas, concerts, festive joys,
As rites of Belial *all*, seducing youth
From peace and virtue, innocence and truth !
But why not lash the sin which most depraves
The soul and spirit in a land of slaves ?
Why dare the sum of villanies uphold,
As not unworthy of an age of gold ?

* See "Reproof of the American Church," by Bishop Wilberforce.

† The Rev. Dr. Freeman resigned his parish in Raleigh, rather than consent to have the children of his congregation taught dancing. This is the same worthy bishop who felt no scruples in preaching pro-slavery sermons.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Ah me ! Did ever Christian prelate think
'Tis right, from worldly policy, to wink
At all the horrors of a wicked code,
By men detested and abhorred of God,
By *all* detested save, perhaps, by those
Brought up from infancy to witness woes ;
Which, seeing daily, they may cease to view,
As fraught with horrors of the blackest hue.

VI.

Till men are chosen bishops not because
They own slave chattels and approve slave laws,
The Church Episcopal in Southern States
Will never find the favor that awaits
Those hallowed views, which only prize a crown,
By knowledge, zeal, and saint-like labors won.
In vain the Church's symmetry and grace,
If hideous gangrene mar her inward peace !
In vain the rank and talents which adorn
The sons and daughters in her household born,
Till, true to lofty principles, she braves
The foul abuses of a land of slaves ;
Till rising in the glory of her might,
She on her offspring pours a flood of light ;
Or bond or freeman, ignorant or wise,
Who needs must then her every canon prize,
Proclaim her worth, her genial spirit feel,
And on their hearts impress her hallowed seal.

VII.

Fathers in God ! Chief pastors of his fold,
Who feed his flock, his discipline uphold,
Proclaim his word, profess a godly life,
Eschewing wrath, ambition, worldly strife,

Grave, patient, sober, faithful, firm, and kind,
Experienced, wise, enlightened, and refined.
Say should applause, or bonds, or hope of self,
The face of tyrants or the love of self,
One jot or tittle of your rights abate,
The sacred rights of your exalted state,
As overseers to feed the flock of Christ,
Each as his envoy, almoner, and priest,—
To teach that all in him are born free,
Their chart his life, his word their panoply.
What is the freedom granted negro slaves?
What but the license which the heart depraves,
And not the franchise which from ruin saves.
Is there a church for black men as for white?
Is it in negroes wrong to read and write?
Or must we have the warrant of a skin,
To save us from the punishment and sin
Of reading that which you, on oath, declare
Contains all truth essential to prepare
Those souls, through faith, to save themselves alive,
Who keep its laws, its oracles believe?*

VIII.

Right Reverend Seers! well skilled in holy writ,
By prayer and faith and meditation fit
The truth to teach, beware lest you abuse
Your gifts to lead us into perverse views,—
Lest you ordain or venture to send forth
Those who, like wolves, consider not the worth
Of bond and free, alike the sons of God,
Who holds supreme the balance and the rod.

* ARTICLE 6.—Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

In short, who may, but will not, one and all,
To Jews and Gentiles testify like Paul.
Are you apostles, prophets, teachers given
To win to Christ, to educate for heaven?
And shall you reverend fathers dare obtrude,
Upon his priesthood, men who would exclude
From sacred functions those whose greatest sin
Is only in the color of their skin?
Ah! is it thus that Paul to us is known?
That John or James or Polycarp, renown,
As Christian martyrs, from the world have won?
Or, better still, a glorious crown on high,
From Him, the Source of Immortality?*

IX.

To you, right reverend father, it is given,
By right of holy heritage from heaven,
To aid the feeble, and to guide the blind,
The outcast rescue, and the lost one find,
With mercy tempering justice in reproof,
Nor from the humble standing far aloof—
Beseech, exhort, rebuke, instilling hope,
Nor yet to erring men give rampant scope;
Yourselves, your lives, as archetypes approve,
Of faith and truth and piety and love.

X.

Where in that Bible, or the Common Prayer,
Those costly gifts to England's royal heir,
Canst thou, good ———, † to a text refer
Which seems a chartered title to confer,

* "I am the Resurrection and the Life." See a sermon on this subject by Melville.

† The Rev. Dr. ——— is reported to have preached a strong pro-slavery sermon in Trinity Church, soon after his presentation of a Bible and Prayer Book to the Prince of Wales.

A PRO-SLAVERY BISHOP.

On Christian men, to purchase human souls,
Or at the line, the tropic, or the poles;
Nay, soul and body as their chattels own,
In perpetuity from sire to son—
In short, an African to steal or buy
In false pretence of Christian charity?

And why suppose that England's gracious queen,
Or English loyal subjects, could have been
Well pleased with gifts from those who fain would try
The sum of villanies to justify?
The very stones, methinks, might well cry out,
Thy slavery texts and doctrines to refute—
Cry out from tablets, minarets, and walls,
Whence sweetly echoing memory recalls
The captive exile hastening to be free,
O'er every island, continent, and sea,
Where'er Britannia's sword has cut in twain
The clanking fetters of a bondman's chain,
Or where Britannia's genius has unfurled
The flag of freedom o'er a ransomed world.

When Korah, in the tabernacle's porch,
With incense kindled at the sacred torch
Of God's high altar, rashly sought to break
A ritual usage, and presumed to take
The hallowed charge of Aaron's priestly line,
The earth, with horror at his base design,
Its mouth wide opening to its darkest caves,
Like mountain billows in the ocean waves,
Ingulphed that rebel in a fire of hell,
With all his crew. So *rebel angels* fell,
With hideous ruin and combustion driven,
As traitors to the monarchy of heaven.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

How much *less* grievous punishment do those
Deserve, bethink you, who would interpose
To break, not Moses' *ceremonial* rites,
But every *moral* precept that incites
To faith and hope and charity and love,
And joy and peace, descending from above?
Yet such the guilt of one who now defends
The trade in souls, to compass private ends.

Couldst thou, O Seabury!* fathom the contempt
With which the South regards thy vain attempt
To cotton up with sophistry and art
That foulest ulcer of the human heart
Called *negro bondage*, it could scarcely fail
To damp thy faith, to mitigate thy zeal.
Hast thou not, from the progress of events,
The moral feelings and the common sense
Of all mankind, discerned the party stripe
Of those—the vilest of all human type!—
Who buy and sell and steal and part for life
Friends, children, parents, kindred, man and wife?

Doubtless there are who wish their surpliced tools
Should chop the jargon logic of the schools
Like thee, as shrewd apologists for knaves
Who profit largely in the trade of slaves.
Doubtless promotion in the Church or State
Is oft the lot of those who advocate
Pro-slavery views, and hope to find amends,
In rich incumbencies, for loss of friends.

Priests, bishops, deacons guide, most gracious Lord,
In all the saving doctrines of thy word.

* See his book called "Slavery Justified!"

SCHISM AMONG THE METHODISTS.

Let each in Sion be a shining light,
To point the way, to dissipate the night.
Like Samson strong, and dexterous to show
How Slavery's chains dissolve like wreaths of snow.

SCHISM AMONG THE METHODISTS.

Schism among the Methodists, North and South.—Remonstrance.—Slavery cause of Schism.—Other baneful effects of Slavery and Mammon-worship.—Twin idols.—One worshipped in the temple of the other.—Vain hope by Church membership alone to be saved from the effects of such a curse.—Wesley and his discipline.—Preachers inconsistent, who, as Methodists, own Slaves.—Allusion to a celebrated Irish leader of insurrection.

Presbyterians.—What they have done for negro emancipation.—Rome, Archbishop Hughes.—Mode by which Presbyterians might abolish Slavery, at least in their own Church.—The child Mortara.—Our interference.—Grievances at home to be remedied.—No sympathy for poor negroes.—The novel, Stanhope Burleigh.—Young America.

Unitarians.—Their great men.—Why Clay, Webster, and Calhoun will go down to posterity with diminished lustre.—Cassius M. Clay.—His noble character.—Gov. Chase of Ohio.—Baptists.—Episcopalians.—Drawback to the success of the Church.—The Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers.—Their consistency and great benevolence.—Louise, a slave.—*Rachael Barker*.—Her transcendent loveliness and kindness.

I.

CHURCH North! Church South! Ah me! what dire disgrace
The sacred mark of Union to efface,
And in its room laboriously bring in
Schism, the first-born of the man of sin!
Is Christ divided? Nay, his constant prayer
For his disciples was that they should e'er
Speak the same thing, be ever of one mind,
In love and faith and verity conjoined.
As with the Father, perfected in one,
The Holy Spirit and co-equal Son,
In dwelling, work, in will and power the same;

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

E'en so should those who invoke that name,
In heart and mind, and in the bond of peace,
For good, united work, nor ever cease,
Till the whole earth be mantled o'er with love,
Life, light and truth, and wisdom from above.
But why divided are the North and South?
For what so indivisible as truth?
Is slavery, or is it not a curse?
Evil itself, and evil in its source,
It comes from him, the author of all woe
To thrones empyreal and frail man below.
Those films removed which blear the mental eye,
Pride, interest, wrath, one fails not to desery—
Admit, lament, and candidly to trace
The countless wrongs to Afric's sable race,
From bondage sprung; the most atrocious crime
That ever stained the calendar of time.
Men of the North, long living in the South,
To hoary age, perchance from early youth!
Do you, when once invested with the right—
So law-books call it, but we need not cite—
By marriage, death, or change, to own a slave,
His neck, through charity, from bondage save?
Nay, oft of tyrants you become the worst,
And treat your slaves as though by Heaven accurst.
There are, indeed, who, verging towards the goal
Of life, bethink the peril to the soul
Of bondage, and their slaves at last make free,
Their day of death, a day of jubilee.

II.

In Mammon's gorgeous fane crected high,
On marble columns reaching to the sky,
Stands thy grim idol, *cursed slavery*.

Thither thy worshipper his offering brings,
Close to the altar of the King of kings.
Oblation vain! Behold him blood-stained, where
He kneels, in solemn mockery of prayer,
Before the throne and image of his God;
Hangs on his sinful soul a double load
Of homicide and slavery, the weight,
Yet recks he not, or would procrastinate;
Compounds between his conscience and the devil,
For all his acts and tolerance of evil,
And trusts his Church's membership will keep
His fame alive, his spirit from the deep!
Ye Southern Methodists, is this the rule
Your Wesley taught ye?—this the sacred school
Of faith, of morals, and of discipline,
In which your members promise to combine;
Nay, body, spirit, heart and soul devote,
Your Church to serve, the word of God promote,
Yourselves, your neighbors, and mankind to save
From death, eternal death, beyond the grave?

III.

Why do you hesitate your slaves to free,
If you so clearly all the evils see,
Which spring from bitter roots of slavery?*

* Question—What can be done for the extirpation of the evils of slavery?

1st. We declare that we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery. Therefore no slaveholder shall be eligible to any official station in our Church hereafter, when the laws of the State in which he lives will admit of emancipation and permit the liberated slave to enjoy freedom.

2dly. When any travelling preacher becomes an owner of a slave or slaves by any means, he shall forfeit his ministerial character in our Church, unless he execute, if it be practicable, a legal emancipation of such slaves, conformably to the laws of the State in which he lives.

3dly. All our preachers shall prudently enforce upon our members the necessity of *teaching their slaves to read the Word of God*.—Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Part the second, Section of Slavery.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Not more incongruous or absurd the ways
Of him who wished, while chanting freedom's praise,*
To own plantations full of sleek-skinned slaves,
Than is the Southern Methodist who raves
To large assemblies met with itching ears,
Distraught alike by Christian hopes and fears,
With this his book of discipline before him,
And wrath and hell and judgment hanging o'er him.

PRESBYTERIANS.

IV.

In grand Assembly, Kirk, or Synod,
Where grain from chaff is deftly winnowed,
Their learning, talents, zeal, well known—
For or against a creed or crown—
Their number, wealth, and influence—
Their dialectic eloquence—
Prove Presbyterians, as admitted
By all, pre-eminently fitted
To cause that slaves be manumitted.
None sooner can than they discover,
That 'tween a cattle and slave-drover,
Or say between the beasts they drive—
The quadruped, that is, and biped
Whose lot is to be blobber-lipped,
In all that is correlative—
The difference is but what we see
'Twixt *tweedledum* and *tweedledee*!
For stern republicans who vow
To lop off all the heads that bow
In homage too profound to Rome,
'Twere well to think we have at home

* John Mitchell.

Four million souls who bend the knee
 In blind and hopeless slavery,—
 Beyond what law or conscience warrants,
 To say, at least, ten thousand tyrants !
 The gentle reader will, we hope,
 Perceive that here we use a trope,
 As touching lopping off the heads
 Of all who say their prayers on beads.
 We mean no more than fair delivery
 From Popish tricks and Popish knavery,
 Saint worship, chiefly Mariolatry,
 As practised by the Romish Varletry,
 And other damning innovations,
 By Rome ingrafted on the nations.
 If while we thunder at John Hughes,
 And execrate his monkish views,
 We claimed, as for ourselves, the right
 Of slaves, with energy and might—
 Such as at Westminster or Dort,*
 Gave to our measures due support,
 And would especially decree
 An act of uniformity,
 In this : that no one have communion
 With us as Churchmen in our union,
 Who would or buy, or sell, or have
 A human being as a slave—

* The Westminster Confession, agreeing with the sentiments of the Synod of Dort, was approved and adopted by the General Assembly in 1647, and two years afterwards ratified by act of Parliament as the public and avowed confession of the Church of Scotland.

By act of Parliament, in 1690, it was again declared to be the national standard of faith in Scotland, and subscription to it as the confession of faith specially required of every person who shall be admitted a minister or preacher within this Church. Subscription to it was also enjoined, by the act of union in 1707, on all professors, principals, regents, masters, and others, bearing office in any of the Scottish Universities.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Their clanking fetters would no more
Disturb our peace or cramp our power.
Touching the Jewish child Mortara,
Why should our Presbyterians care a
Rush for him or that rude nymph
Who dashed his little head with lymph?
The thing has done the boy no harm.
If he had had a little more,
To wash his skin or cleanse a sore,
It should not generate alarm.
Mortara pere, a mere *curmudgeon*,
'Tis said, might feign to be in dudgeon;
Or might he not, if scant in pocket,
Contrive a cunning trick to stock it?
For nothing tends like persecution
To raise an ample contribution.
It is, moreover, to our credit,
That we take part with outraged merit,
Or what as merit is regarded,
And should, as such, be well rewarded;
Though often to our cost 'tis found,
"We run the thing into the ground;"
Which means that virtues in extremes,
Are but the Devil's stratagems,
Or that who would *small things attempt*
To *magnify*, *deserves contempt*.

VIII.

Why should our zeal for circumcision
Expose our country to derision?
It makes this child a martyred hero,
And Pio Nono bad as Nero;
While he, our martyr, feels most happy,
And thinks his sympathizers sappy.

This fuss makes capital for Jews,
And fills our journals and reviews,
Mayhap our churches, courts, and stews,
With fillibuster squibs and speeches,
To think there still should be such wretches,
As dare attempt the soul's conversion
By means of physical coercion,
It helps anew the agitation,
And all the public indignation,
That Young America extracts
From complaints of violated pacts,
'Tween foreign freemen and our States,
Which Papal Rome, 'tis said, creates.
It tries on this side the Atlantic
To raise those riots worse than frantic—
Which, as at Louisville, some Prentice
The arch apostle to foment is.
In short, our President's election,
On the adoption or rejection
Of resolutions pro and con,
Regarding a decision
Of this vexed point, perhaps depends—
Such of small things the mighty ends
Whether this lad be *rebaptized*,
Or as a *Hebrew cicatrized*.
But is it not a patent truth
That this much talked of little youth,
His Hebrew birth and rites in view,
Is less a *Christian* than a *Jew*?
Whether the lad be circumcised,
Or by our sprinkling Christianized,
With Hardshells matters not a jot—
He must be wholly dipped, if not;
To them both rites are just the same,

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

For neither can confer a claim
Or title to a place in heaven,
Nor ground for faith in sins forgiven.

IX.

Soon as the boy becomes of age,
He may, by right of heritage,
Choose calling, country, home, or creed,
And be as others free in deed.
We do not advocate the laws
Which hold him now in Papal claws,
For parents, guardians are by nature
Not barred by crime or legislature
Of their own offspring's mode of faith,
And all that fairly goes therewith,
Until they reach that riper age
Which gives them Freedom's heritage.
We only deem it not our duty,
On points *extrinsical* and *knotty*,
To interfere with other nations
By mobocratic improbations.

X.

There are *some grievances at home*
To be redressed before we roam
Like errant knights to seek adventures,
By right of conquest or debentures.
Hundreds of negro children yearly,
By their own parents loved as dearly
As young Mortara is by his,
Through Jew or Gentile avarice,
Are kidnapped for a sacrifice:
If sons, to Molochs on plantations,
Their wages, stripes and imprecations,—

If daughters, to domestic stews,
 And all the woe that thence ensues,—
 Or sons and daughters both alike
Disdained and trodden as a tike ;
 For such the fruit which slavery yields
 Alike in domiciles and fields ;
 Yet no remonstrance must be heard—
 Our hearts against their wrongs are barred.

XI.

Many who would excite a war a-
 Bout this urchin Jew Mortara,
 Would strangle freemen for a vote
 Tending a rival to promote
 To any office, pension, power
 Which law and justice would secure,
 Or fitness designate to be
 The meed of honest men and free.
 Thousands on thousands of those knaves
 Who most abuse their wretched slaves,
 Who laugh at liberty and creeds
 In full-blood negroes, or half-breeds,
 Viewing all such as merely chattel,
 In no whit better than their cattle,
 Are found the loudest freedom boasters
 In all those anti-Popery musters !
 “ Our land of liberty and light
 No longer from the cursed blight
 Of Jesuits, demagogues, and Popes
 Shall suffer ; help them all the ropes,
 The hands, the hearts, the lives, the hopes
 Of breeders, fillibusters, pirates :
 Renouncing all that now evirates,

(Except four millions of our niggers,
Domestic choppers, reapers, diggers,
And *inquilines* an equal number,*
Whom natives view as so much lumber),
Renouncing all that now evirates,
—We still recite—the speech of pirates,
Our laws, our creeds, our constitutions,
Our homes, our altars, institutions, .
No longer from the cursed blight,
The clouds, the darkness, and the night
Of Rome shall suffer! *God Almighty!*
By Thee we swear! look down in pity!†

* *Civis Inquilinus*.—*Livy*.

† In that piece of Know-Nothing Rodomontade called Stanhope Burleigh, or The Jesuits in our Homes, is an engraving by Orr, which represents the hero of the tale (Stanhope himself) as the type of a handsome South-Western man, with a flash vest and cravat, a faultless figure, gentlemanly features, an Indian hunting shirt, tight, very tight pants, and vehement gestures, powerfully aided by his hat grasped fiercely in his left hand and lifted to his ear. His eye—it does not appear that he has more than one—is in a fine frenzy rolling. His hair, though somewhat disheveled, is not sufficiently wild or excrementitious for a man in such a towering rage. He should be painted, as an Irish critic once observed of a person in a situation somewhat similar, more “like the devil in a high wind;” for which a pair of feet, rather cloven, which he has, and a swallow-tailed coat, which he has *not*, would have admirably fitted him.

His oath, a more terrible one by far than that of Lars Porsena of Clusium, is recorded in the following most original strain: Almighty God! witness me! for I swear in thy presence, and by my lost and murdered Geneva, that my heart and my hands, my life, my fortune, and my sacred honor, are freely offered a sacrifice to my country. This land of light, truth, and liberty, shall suffer under the blighting curse of demagogues, Jesuitism, and foreign influence, no longer! Be thou my helper! Mark the sequel, gentle reader, of this wonderful adjuration. The cold gray twilight had now brought in the dawning of a day which was to save the republic of Washington.

Here again the engraver is at his work with a figure of Washington, the father of his country, holding a sword in his hand, and pointing down behind the wings of a spread eagle towards the Constitution of the U. S., from which a huge serpent is rising in deadly struggle with the eagle, whose talons are fastened on the serpent's neck, and his beak in close proximity with the bifid or trifid tongue and glaring eyes of that venomous monster. It does not appear that the sword has pierced the beast, or that the talons of the eagle are so fixed upon his neck as to preclude the possibility of a fatal bite.

We had for the first time finished the perusal of the tremendous oath referred to, when a newspaper reached us which told of the preaching of Father Somebody, a

UNITARIANS.

XII.

To Unitarian citizens are due,
 With justice, truth, humanity in view,
 Our fervid praise; behold their Channing's name,
 And Adams, hallowed in the roll of fame,
 And Emerson, with varied learning fraught,
 A fount of wisdom and a mine of thought,
 Of genius, worth, and wit a golden pledge,
 For Gordian knots a scymiter and sledge;
 And Burritt, guardian of a well profound,
 A key to open, and a line to sound,
 Alike prepared to measure earth and sky,
 A comet's tail, the palpus of a fly;*
 Pierrepont and Phillips, Garrison and Hall,
 Men fearless, frank, unbiassed, liberal.
 Admiring nations view the glorious goal
 To which they press in rivalry of soul,
 Untrammelled or by favor or by fear,
 They view the prize and see the garland near.
 With Clarkson, Buxton, Wilberforce they strive
 The yokes to break, the manacles to rive,
 The yokes and manacles that bind a slave,
 And hopeless thralldom on the spirit grave.
 Shall Webster, Clay—their equal in renown
 As statesman, writer, orator—Calhoun
 Thus brightly to posterity go down?

Romish priest in full canonicals, in one of the Chambers of Congress. So much for the Know-Nothing oath of Stanhope Burleigh.

The sole office of this Know-Nothing eagle seems to be to strangle and lacerate all poor foreigners who seek protection under its wings. What if it had so treated the fathers of those Know-Nothings, or some elder or younger brothers of their families. *Merciful eagle! Covering, not to protect, but to destroy!*

* See Geography of the Heavens, and other works by E. B.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Descend they may with perishing renown.
And why? Because they were not Freedom's friends,
But shaped by tortuous policy their ends.
Instead of nobly putting forth their might
As able advocates of truth and right,
They labored on with ceaseless might and main,
To forge the collar and to bind the chain
On Slavery's neck—a sinking, damning curse!
In crime's black cataiogue, what sin is worse?

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

XIII.

Who first of Roman warriors hight
Was Coriolanus; scarce in fight
Has more renown than gallant Clay,
The hero of our humble lay;
Or was to woman's fondest feelings
More true in all the heart's revealings.

XIV.

Rome's warrior, urged by pride and wrath,
In evil hour forsook the path
Of duty; but nor fear, nor blame,
Nor hate, nor interest, nor shame,
Nor passion, prejudice, nor love,
Could Clay to honor recreant prove;
Nor heaving depths, nor lowering skies,
Nor maddening crowds, nor threatening cries,
Nor all the arts or powers of hell
In Freedom's fight his spirit quell.

XV.

Proud to the proud, but to the lowly,
By fortune's frowns made melancholy,

None ever wore a kinder face,
Or rendered favors with more grace,
Or with more courtesy received,
Or with more sympathy relieved.

XVI.

Such is the Cassius of our time,
So gallant, just, humane, sublime,
With figure cast in classic mould,
And soul of energies untold.
A Shakspeare's genius should set forth
His matchless chivalry and worth ;
Or Garrick, skilled with magic art
To show the spirit and the heart.
The gait the mien, the eagle eye,
The impress of true majesty.

XVII.

A Roman lady could rejoice,
And thank the Gods with heart and voice,
That, though great Scipio's daughter, she
Preferred the rank and dignity
Of that scarce less illustrious name,
The Gracchi's mother, and the fame
For wisdom, eloquence, and might
With which they battled for the right ;
As Tribunes faithful to the cause
Of Roman citizens and laws—
Yea, battled, conquered, bled, and died
To curb the insolence and pride
Of fierce patricians, leagued to be
The enemies of liberty.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

XVIII.

But nobler still the task to break
The captive exile's bonds, and wake
The spirit to the glorious hope,
The height, the breadth, the length, the scope
Of freedom's longings, and the strife
For all worth fighting for in life.
This Clay has done : Cornelia's brother,
Cornelia's sons—yea, she, their mother,
To Clay, the father, mother, son,
Must yield the palm by merit won.

XIX.

Oh ! Henry, when thy name shall cease,
His will continue to increase
In cloudless splendor, more and more
Each year and century than before.
" Honor shall come, a pilgrim gray,*
To bless the turf that wraps that clay,
And freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there,"
Thence rising spread her eagle wing,
And o'er the globe her ægis fling.

XX.

And such a man is found in Chase,
Whom nor the love of power nor place,
Nor physical nor moral force,
Could turn a moment from his course—
That royal road of chivalry,
Eternal war on Slavery !

* Collins.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

RURAL SCENES, LIBERTY, RACHEL BARKER, LOUISA, LITTLE RACHEL OF
POUGHKEEPSIE.

Friends of mankind, thrice hail ! most blameless men,
Who hold the faith of Barclay and of Penn,
With hope and love instinct, and quiet life,
While all around are bitterness and strife.
In moral truth and philosophic worth,
Has ever faith more goodly fruit brought forth ?
From frugal cheer deriving vigorous health,
From honest toil or competence or wealth,
Not prone to squander ever-precious time
In aught that leads to vanity or crime,
Though calm, resolved, though gentle, firm, and true
To help a slave, a tyrant to eschew.

Not ours the bootless purpose to declaim
Against your tenets, teaching to condemn
Stoles, rochets, bands, and surplices, and gowns,
Cowls croziers, sceptrs, truncheons, triple crowns,
Pulpits, and feasts, and fasts, and funeral knells,
As heathen rites, or Papalistic spells ;
Suffice it with the oracles of God,
Your faith is based on Christ's atoning blood.

That bond and freemen may alike rejoice,
Be honest Lincoln *now* your willing choice—
Lincoln himself a friend, or more than friend—
The wrong to right, the rightful to defend ;

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

To keep the heritage, which Freedom gave
To freemen's sons, untrodden by a slave ;
Our Union's flag with honor to transmit,
To add new stars, and lost ones reunite ;
Studious our every blessing to increase,
The last—not least—a free and truthful press,
Free trade, free homesteads, freedom of debate
On all the high concerns which agitate
The human heart, and lift the soul on high
To peace and hope and immortality.

Where erst the wolf and panther prowled for prey,
And murderous Indians close in ambush lay,
Your lives of peaceful industry unfold,
Saturnian scenes, or purer age of gold ;
From hill to hill, extending far and near,
Hark the shrill clarion of the mountaineer,
The hounds' full chorus, and the hunter's cries,
The whizzing missile, echo's quick replies ;
Or, as a comet sweeping o'er the plains,
The shrieks and thundering of the passing trains ;
And hark ! the clamor of the neighboring mill,
The hoarse, loud cataract, and the whispering rill,
The teamster's lash, as o'er his laggard yokes
He plies his whip in well dissembled strokes,
The milk-maid's carol, and the ploughman's song
—Some simple ditty in their native tongue,
First heard, mayhap, from some enamoured swain,
Or on the Tweed, the Shannon, or the Rhine—
All in discordant concord, high, deep-toned,
Harsh, murmuring, shrill, in echoing strains rebound,
Clang, vibrate, jar, or mutter o'er the ground.
Those fleecy flocks, those numerous herds behold,
Or by the stream, the meadow-land, or wold,

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

See vineyards, orchards, gardens, waving corn
In dewy fragrance greet the rising morn,
And, over all, contentment from above,
With social peace, and joy, and gentle love.

Yet, not the fruits which ripen o'er the scene,
Nor hills nor valleys robed in living green,
Nor all the songsters of the neighboring grove,
Nor all the cooing murmurs of the dove,
Nor herds, nor flocks, nor breeze, nor sparkling stream,
Nor aught of bliss Arcadian poets dream,
Not Hermon's top, nor Sharon's roseate bowers,
Nor Carmel's height, nor Lebanon's fair towers,
Nor all of Eden in sweet Wyoming,
Ere Outalissi, charged with Julia's ring,*
To Albert took that token, and the child
To him entrusted—"pilgrim of the wild"
Now singing to the boy his parting song,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue:

Not these more dear, more welcome to the heart,
Nor yet the march of Commerce, Science, Art,
Than is that Freedom which you bravely claim
For all mankind, in substance as in name—
Freedom of conscience, Nature's sacred gift,
Of which no mortal justly is bereft,
Or ever can be without obvious wrong,
Provided he professes to belong
To one Almighty, Just, Eternal God,
Creator, Ruler, Lord, and Sovereign Good;
Nor has your freedom ever given cause
To laxness or of discipline or laws;

* Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming. Part the First.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Once owning slaves, you looked to set them free,
On all enjoining peace and amity.

Sweet Rachael Barker ! to thy name we owe
Freedom, alike from bondage and from woe,
For poor Louise ; thrice happy was the day
When first we saw thy cloak of sober gray,
Thy winsome bonnet, and thy dainty feet
In fitting shoon—how simple, yet how neat !
Thy faultless figure too, thy lovely face,
Both living types of innocence and grace ;
Thy lily hands, thy heaving breasts, thy sighs,
The tears of pity in thy dove-like eyes ;
That glossy hair disparted on thy brow,
Those ruby lips, the dimples which bestow
A modest radiance o'er thy rosy cheek,
Where peace and love a blissful union seek—
Such bliss was our's, when from thy pearly teeth,
We heard thy words, inhaled thine olive breath.*

Yes, gentle maid, to memory ever dear,
Meek, comely, prudent, generous, and sincere,
Thy looks how kind—how bland, how more than mild
Thy words of comfort to that woe-worn child :
“ Tell me, Louisa, tell me, do, I pray,
Why dost thou weep, child ! tell me that I may
Thy pains assuage, allay thy present grief,
Or hope in future to impart relief.”

“ Young mistress, save me from those brutal blows,
These bleeding wounds his cruelties disclose,”
The girl replied. “ Oh ! buy me ; who but thee
Will dare to help me in this misery ?”

* The Sweet Flowering Olive, as we have seen it in Louisiana, seems to combine the fragrance of the Yellow Jessamine, Mignonette, and Magnolia.

SONG.

"Most horrid system," Rachael sobbed aloud ;
"Who shall arrest those streams of human blood
Poured out in anger by a brother's hand,
To stain, pollute, and desecrate our land?
Which now, with mouth wide open to God's throne,
The foul libation grimly swallows down,
Invoking vengeance on the murderer's head——"
She ceased, nor finished what she had to say ;
That sightless eye-ball would not brook delay.
She then resumed : "My brother will this hour
For me, poor child, thy liberty procure.
Thy master, doubtless, will advantage take
Of our good feelings, and a bargain make
On such conditions as he hopes to see
Rejected now ; but leave thou that to me."

The bargain made, Louisa, free as air,
Is soon transferred to Joshua Barker's care.
Safe in New York, she thinks of Southern slaves,
And oft the ransom of her mother craves.
What more the friends have done, or yet may do,
If not in *Speed*, see chronicled in *Stowe*.*

SONG.

LITTLE RACHAEL OF POUGHKEEPSIE.

Our heroine is not the lady who lectured some years ago in Louisiana and the Carolinas, but another of nearly the same name, now residing, we learn, not one hundred miles from Poughkeepsie.

WHAT time the violet appears
Our Muse would fain indite a sonnet,
On little Rachael's blushing ears,
Half seen beneath that winsome bonnet ;
But soon the dew-drops on her cheek,

* Query—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Her bosom's swell, her heart's emotion,
Would seem more loudly to bespeak
A parent's care, than bard's devotion.

Caps, slippers, collars, glossy silks
Derive from Rachael some divineness;
But what so precious as the milk
Of Rachael's all-subduing kindness!
In every throb her heart records,
In every pulse of Christian feeling
For poor Louise, no power of words
Can half express that heart's revealings.

Whate'er among the Grecian Isles
The Rhodian artist most impresses,
In features, forms, and magic smiles,
Must yield to Rachael's artless graces.
A tranquil joy is her's—a mind,
In every look, divinely glowing,
Than wit or genius more refined,
With Mercy's sweetest balm o'erflowing.

Ah! nothing reek'st thou, Rachael! who,
In humble strains, invokes thy pleading,
For Milly and poor Oderick now
As for Louise once interceding.
Did Bamfield, Moore, Carew* succeed
Among our friends to aid the gypsey,
Go thou for slaves, in faith, God speed!
Quoth lovely Rachael of Poughkeepsie.

* B. M. Carew, an eccentric but most benevolent English gentleman, received more favor and material aid from the Friends in Pennsylvania (in his efforts to improve the social condition of the Gypsies), than from all other classes of people in Europe or America. See his Autobiography.

RHYMES FOR THE YOUNG.

A SOUTHERN FAMILY PICTURE.—TRAGIC DRAMA.

LITTLE FANNY.

I.

YES, Fanny, thou dear little creature,
Joy, innocence, beauty, and truth,
So brighten thine every feature,
Thou seemest the Goddess of Youth.

II.

With looks so bewitchingly smiling,
With spirits so blithesome and free,
With manner so sweetly beguiling,
Say, who can help thinking of thee?

III.

Go, charmer, and joyously follow
Thy hoop in its serpentine chase;
Good Fred, as he pleases, may holloa,
While you and old Brush run a race.*

IV.

Thy fawn, pretty Billy, is jealous
That dogs should such fellowship dare,
While he, standing near, is so zealous
In all thy amusements to share.

V.

He arches his neck, his bells tinkle,
He stretches his snow-dappled sides,
His bright eyes with ecstasy twinkle,
His time for the race he abides.

* *Fred and Brush.* The former her brother, the latter her dog.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

VI.

Her prison a moment forgetting,
Poor Poll laughs and screams with delight;
Then seems as a captive regretting,
She wants the bless'd freedom of flight.

VII.

Close by thy loved pony is feeding,
And viewing thy frolics askance,
But like a good horse shows his breeding,
As taught by thy knight of the lance.

VIII.

Thy linnet is warbling its ditty,
Thy ring-doves are cooing their loves;
A chorus so jocund and witty
Has seldom enlivened the grove.

IX.

Thy father, thy sister, thy mother
Partake of thy pleasures, sweet child;
Thy servants, thy friends—and another,
Of care by thy pastimes beguiled.

X.

The lambkins are sporting around them,
The swallows are wheeling their flight,
The mocking-bird tries to confound them—
He echoes the shriek of the kite.

XI.

Chameleons are glancing in sunshine,
And Cicadæ bound as *perdue*;
And *chalice*d like *prisms* in *noonshine*,
The humming-bird revels in dew.

RHYMES FOR THE YOUNG.

XII.

See gold-fish sporting in fountains,
With varying motion and size,
As erst in their lake on the mountains
The raptured beholder surprise—

XIII.

Now wheeling in cycles elliptic,
Now trolling in frolicsome play,
Now seeking in crevices cryptic
To shut out the beams of the day.

XIV.

The light-footed squirrels are leaping
And skipping from bower to bower ;
Or archly and timidly peeping,
They chatter or frolic or cower.

XV.

And locusts unnumbered, in chorus,
And songsters from neighboring trees,
And bull-frogs, with voices sonorous,
All chime with the murmur of bees.

XVI.

And swans from their home in yon island
Superbly survey their domain ;
And loud-cawing rooks from the highland
Rejoice, with their breasts full of grain.

XVII.

The meadow which slopes to the inlet,
The willow-moss, cypress, and vines,
And live oak and orange, are sunlit,
And cglantines, hollies, and pines.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

XVIII.

The violet, crocus, and daisy,
The rose-bud, the pink, daffodil,
Instructing the proud and the lazy,
Enamel the valley and hill.

XIX.

And mignonettes, wall-flowers, sweet briars
Are here—not to torture the brow,
With lilies and roses as tiars,
By emperors worn ere now.

XX.

And olives, sweet jessamines, dairies,
Magnolias, breathing of kine—
Meet luncheon for legions of fairies,
On smell of new hay wont to dine.

XXI.

Cascades from the neighboring gorges,
And steamers are heard from afar,
And engines, and clanging of forges
For new fashioned weapons of war.

XXII.

The baying of hounds, and of horses
The neighings—the hunter's shrill horn,
And chanticleer's screaming discourses,
Enliven the eve as the morn.

XXIII.

Nor wanting for home play are billiards,
Chess, angling, or shady retreats,
Nor books for the studious, nor galliards,
Nor sherbets for tropical heats.

RHYMES FOR THE YOUNG.

XXIV.

A thousand times dearer than any
Loved object in nature or art,
Wast thou, our divine little Fanny,
The joy and delight of our heart.

XXV.

Now changes the scene—as one bleeding
And wailing sinks down at thy feet,
And fugitives, piteously pleading,
Thy loved intercession entreat.

XXVI.

Thy father's o'erseer in his fury
His dogs on their tracks did unleash,
And urged them to chase and to worry,
To rend and to mangle their flesh.

XXVII.

Thou weepest, my dear little maiden !
The color has fled from thy cheek ;
Thy torments, poor Sally ! so sadden
Her heart, she refuses to speak.

XXVIII.

Ah me ! she replied, I am dying ;
Oh God ! make the black people free !
My spirit, O Father ! is flying—
Its refuge is only in thee !

XXIX.

Farewell, dearest child ! and forever—
Our strenuous efforts shall show
How strong our resolves are to sever
The fetters of bondage and woe !

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

LINES TO MARY,*

THE SISTER OF FANNY.

I.

MARY ! when I saw thee last,
Who thought thy bloom would fade so fast ?
Thy lovely features thus o'ercast
 With sickness and with sorrow ?
And are those matchless graces gone,
Which all enraptured gazed upon,
Like roses which this morn have blown
 To wither ere the morrow ?

II.

Mary, those eyes will glow once more
With magic lustre as before,
And health and happiness restore
 Thine every charm and grace :
'Tis thus the glorious Queen of Night,
From darkest shades to cloudless light
Emerged, in golden livery dight,
 Her cycle loves to trace.

III.

Mary, dry up those scalding tears,
Dispel those gloomy doubts and fears,
Still hope for happy days and years,
 To festive joys unbend thee ;

* Mary having returned from school soon after the death of Fanny, was so affected by that event that doubts were entertained of her recovery. She is supposed to be addressed as above in the presence of her mother, who consequently becomes one of the dramatis personæ.

LINES TO MARY.

Nor then forget the friends who now
Lament the change that marks thy brow,
When Fortune, with a lowly bow,
And all her train attend thee.

IV.

You bid me dry these flowing tears,
Dispel those gloomy doubts and fears,
Think hopefully of future years,
To cheerfulness unbend me.
Ah me! would not my sister's shade,
And Sally's (our poor murdered maid),
Should aught but grief my heart invade,
Arise and reprehend me?

V.

How could such nameless horrors be,
And I in social gayety
Find aught but painful memory?
No, sister, never, never!
To festive scenes they call in vain;
I ne'er shall seek their joys again—
Till slaves their liberty obtain,
Till we their bonds dis sever.

VI.

Mother, I always thought it wrong
That we, because we are more strong,
Should negroes tear with whip and thong,
And worry them with hounds.*
I ever shall this wrong oppose,
The more that now I see the woes,
And feel those agonizing blows
From Sally's ghastly wounds.

* See the notes at the end of these rhymes.

VII.

What else, my child, but scenes of woe
 From monstrous crimes and errors flow?
 Who dares the seeds of slavery sow,
 Like Pharaoh reaps in anguish.
 Better to work for daily bread,
 Better be like your sister—dead,
 Than thus be kept in constant dread,
 In misery to languish!

VIII.

Your father, dearest, thinks with me,
 Admits the ills of slavery,
 But says that *full indemnity*
 Must herald *manumission*.
 A legal evil so entailed,
 Howe'er detested and bewailed,
 Cannot and will not be repealed
 Except on that condition.

We knew a few years since, at the South, a wretch who kept "negro-dogs" (*i. e.* blood-hounds), and made it quite a profitable business to tempt slaves to run away from their owners, that he might obtain the reward offered for their capture, which, of course, with the aid of those dogs, and his knowledge of the retreats of his victims, was very easily effected. The spoils were divided with his associates. When the trick was discovered, he was mercilessly lynched, and deported from the parish in which he had exercised his calling.

This man was exceedingly urgent upon a neighbor of S. R., intending a visit to Scotland, to procure for him, at any price, a half-dozen Buccleugh, or perhaps Argyle beagles, which he thought he could train to the work of blood-hounds. He was so crest-fallen, however, *after* his "misfortune," as he *naïvely* called it, that he never repeated his request.

We believe it was beyond the descriptive powers of poor Hugh Miller (and who in description ever *equalled him*?) to paint in words the physique of that miscreant slave-catcher. He was of medium height, rather short and thick-set, wore sometimes a slouched hat, sometimes a foxy, battered, high-crowned silk hat, white round the rim. The rest of his outer clothing was of Hoosier woolen homespun, of the inevitable brown color, half-threadbare. His hair, hands, face, and neck were red, strong, thick, and dirty. His eyes—Ye Gods! what a pair!—looked at one and the same time to all points of the compass, and with such marvellous

LINES TO MARY.

nictitating and contractile powers as we never saw equalled or approached in the foulest night-bird, or the most ravenous and predaceous of beasts and winged creatures. He looked, by turns, shy, servile, familiar, and murderous. The loathing and contempt with which he was universally regarded, even in a slave-country, seemed to have brought ever uppermost in his thoughts the pious wish of Caligula.

We saw him once, on the strength of an old job—done for pay—for the benefit of a Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana, approach that functionary with a show of audacious and jaunty familiarity; but the look and manner of the Governor convinced him that base spies, traitors, and hangmen, must never presume upon an equality with their employers. He was paid for his services, such as they were, and there ended the acquaintance.

There is, at this moment, in the immediate neighborhood of S. R., another who follows (with better success so far) this respectable calling. His dogs do not look very formidable, embracing, as they do, Goldsmith's varieties—"mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree;" but he boasts greatly of their sagacity and prowess. They scorn to take the *nux vomica*, or any other pill or preparation, from the hands of a nigger. One of them, he affirms, so seizes upon a hand armed with a knife to destroy him as to prevent the possibility of its use. A slave only, we imagine, could fail to disable such vermin. A good Sharpe's rifle or two, in ordinary hands, would soon dispose of the whole pack. It was probably for some such purpose that Mr. Beecher recommended the Sharpe. If so, we say, "Ditto to Mr. Beecher!"

There are, in the South, more ladies than is generally imagined who, like Mary's mother, reprobate slavery. They alone have the courage to denounce it in the family circle, and among their neighbors. THEY KNOW ITS FRUITS! Nor are there wanting a few of them who, before strangers and visitors, express, on fitting occasions, their sentiments on *those fruits*. We have heard more than one lady, in defiance of much telegraphic frowning, speak admiringly of Mr. Beecher, Mrs. Stowe, G. Smith, H. Greeley, Messrs. Seward, Sumner, the lovely Lady Sutherland, and other advocates of the *abolition of slavery*.

Mary's parents, and nearly all owners of slaves, nay, most of our most zealous abolitionists, are at issue on this point with Mr. Helper, the author of "The Impending Crisis," the best anti-slavery book ever published in this or any other country. Mr. H. would have slaves emancipated and deported at the sole expense of their owners. There can be no doubt whatever of the justice of this course; but on the score of its practicability we have our misgivings.

In the Compendium of "The Impending Crisis" (pp. 86, 87, &c.), are some memorable passages on this subject. We can only instance one or two, or perhaps three or four, paragraphs:

"To turn the slaves away from their present homes—away from all the property and means of support which their labor has mainly produced, would be unpardonably cruel, exceedingly unjust. Still more cruel and unjust would it be, however, to the non-slaveholding whites, no less than to the negroes, to grant further tole-

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

ration to the existence of slavery. In any event—come what will, transpire what may—the system must be abolished. The evils, if any, which are to result from abolition, cannot, by any manner of means, be half as great as the evils which are certain to overtake us in case of its continuance. The perpetuation of slavery is the climax of iniquity.

“Considered in connection with the righteous claim of wages for services which the negroes might bring against their masters, . . . the slaveholders would not only be stripped of every dollar, but they would become in law, as they are in reality, the hopeless debtors of the myriads of unfortunate slaves, white and black, who are now cringing and fawning and festering around them.”

Again: “Let us, by an equitable system of legislation, . . . compel the slaveholders to do something like justice to their negroes, by giving each and every one of them sixty dollars in current money: then let us charter all the ocean steamers, packets, and clipper-ships that can be had on reasonable terms, and keep them constantly plying between the ports of America and Africa, until all the slaves who are here held in bondage shall enjoy freedom in the land of their fathers.”

Mr. Helper is a young man, and in his personal appearance remarkable. His height is, we believe, six feet, one inch and a half or two inches. His figure is excellent; not overburdened with flesh, but straight, lithe, graceful, and vigorous. His weight does not probably exceed one hundred and seventy pounds. His hair—like his beard, strong, thick, and somewhat bushy—is black as a raven's wing. His complexion—a southern one—is such as usually belongs to such hair. We will not say of his eye (he is blessed with a *pair*) that it is like Holbein's, as described by Allen Cunningham—“an eye not likely to endure contradiction;” but most assuredly we *can* and *do* say that it is an eye not calculated to invite aggression—for, verily, the aggressor will do well to beware! He is singularly temperate in all his habits—mild, brave, courteous, generous, pacific, and determined to the last degree. In him, the Shakspearian motto of his work is no empty boast.

He doubtless feels bitterly his exile and alienation from his native State; and still more so, probably, the timid counsels of his friends and advisers, and the stolid indifference with which so many now regard the great struggle now going on between slavery and freedom.

Of Professor Hedrick and Mr. Underwood, Mr. Helper remarks, that the former was a short while since banished from his home in Virginia, and the latter (the accomplished Hedrick) driven from his College professorship in North Carolina, . . . ostracised by the despotic slave power, and compelled to seek a refuge from its vengeance in States where the principles of Freedom are better understood.

Kossuth comes among us from Hungary, as a great orator and patriot, and is all but worshipped; though, like those of other great popular idols, his triumphs were of short duration. But here are men of talents, of virtue, and of patriotism, who, with no hope of reward in this life save the testimony of a good conscience, have sacrificed every thing to their principles, in behalf of a poor, degraded, helpless, enslaved race of men, yet they daily walk the streets of New York without

SENATOR SEWARD.

either the *Outos Ekeinos* of the multitude, or any one caring a straw whether they have a sufficiency of the commonest necessities of daily subsistence!

In reference to pecuniary indemnity as a *sine qua non* to the manumission of slaves, S. R. entirely concurs in the views of the parents of the children made the subject of the above rhymes. To those views he has given full expression toward the conclusion of some preceding rhymes on Barth, Livingstone, and the Kings of Commerce.

Mr. Helper has, within the last two or three months, acquired a most enviable celebrity. His work is most vehemently denounced, and the indorsement of its principles deemed by the pro-slavery faction in Congress a cause sufficient for exclusion from the Speakership of the House. What a comment upon our boasted freedom! It affords, however, the highest possible evidence of the sterling merit of the work. In short, its statistics are overwhelming—its reasoning unanswerable. *Hinc lachrymæ*. What there is libellous or seditious in it, only a blind and bitter partisan can discover. Mr. H. errs, if at all, in good company—with Brougham, Macaulay, Humboldt; with Jefferson, Washington, and Clay; “with poets, heroes, statesmen, sages of all nations, ancient and modern. If all these are wrong, then we are wrong. On the other hand, however, if they are right, we are right, for, in effect, we only repeat and endeavor to enforce their precepts.” —*Impending Crisis*, p. 170.

RHYMES

ADDRESSED TO A FEW STATESMEN, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONS,
IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

SENATOR SEWARD.

WHERE, Seward, shall we find among statesmen a mind
As thine so unflinching and brave?
So full of pure zeal for the public weal,
So kind and so good to the slave?
Deep, clear, comprehensive, nor yet undimensive,
Thy knowledge, experience, and skill;
Eschewing retortion, give all things proportion
Befitting their worth and thy will.
Thy bitterest foes are constrained to depose
That, throughout the most fiery debate,

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Thou *wouldst* not a jot, and perhaps thou *couldst* not,
Of the high-bred patrician abate.
Proceed ! thy example will serve for a sample
Of Senators worthy the name,
In a nation like ours, unsurpassed in its powers,
Its eloquence, glory, and fame !

LORD BROUGHAM.—BARON HUMBOLDT.—LORD PALMERSTON, ETC.

I.

Great Brougham and Humboldt, twin *thunder* and *sunbolt*,
Continue as ever to be,
And thou, my Lord John,* to thy lasting renown,
The friend of the slave and the free.
Thou, Palmerston, follow, with brow of Apollo,
Thy daring, thy knowledge, thy skill,
Thy generous zeal for poor Africa's weal,
Thy genius, the force of thy will ;
Thy promptness in action, thy tact amidst faction
To pilot the vessel of State,
Amidst tempests and waves, to a harbor that saves
From the depths of political hate.
To these we refer, they most loudly declare
The worth which so many can feel,
And give to thy name, in the Temple of Fame,
A place between Chatham and Peel.

II.

We, Malmsbury ! thee would invoke in our plea,
And Clarendon, ever the same,
And Derby and Althorpe, Bright, Cobden, and Calthorpe,
And Wilberforce, foremost in fame !
And loveliest Queen ! though an ocean between
Us and thee roll the bed of its waves

* Lord John Russell.

Is a means in thy hands to unloosen the bands
Of our down-trodden African slaves.

III.

Ye floods, lift your voice ! hills and mountains rejoice !

Ye angels, descend upon earth !

Men, men ! catch the sound, and re-echo around—

The song of a second new birth !

All join in our chorus, with voices sonorous ;

Oh ! take and prolong it again,

Till earth, sea, and sky, and the stars shout for joy,

And the welkin repeats the loud strain :

Soli sit gloria

Deo—memoria

Pacis, Victoria !

Nobis—amen.

This, this be the glory of song and of story,

Great Queen, to distinguish thee now ;

Electrical might, and its pencils of light,

Be the rays that encircle thy brow.

IV.

To thee, Cyrus Field, was the problem revealed,

That, bridging the seas with a chain,

Our thoughts may take wing in the lightning, and bring

(As the current or life through the brain)

All nations from far, wheresoever they are,

Of one blood, who inherit our globe,

To union and peace, and fraternal embrace,

In sympathy's limitless robe.

Good Lincoln, thy name in the annals of fame

Is linked with the light of our sphere,

For thine is the glory, to Whig and to Tory,

To herald the jubilee year,

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

When distance and space, and old time in its race,
Are spanned by one cosmical cheer.
Thus echo rejoices, with millions of voices,
Over continent, island, and sea,
Thro' the poles, thro' the line, thro' the depths of the mine,
Alike to the slave and the free,
The news to impart, that America's heart
Throbs, Britain, in concert with thee!

v.

Hail, Parker and Greeley, Smith, Phillips, and Silli-
Man, Beecher and Sumner and Chase!
And good Harriet Stowe, to whose genius we owe
Uncle Tom, the delight of his race! *
To thee, noble Duchess! we send, as in purchase
Of pardon for sins in past years, †
O'er land and o'er ocean, our heartfelt emotions
In loud international cheers.
Hail, Helper! well named, with thy treatise proclaimed
To second our honest endeavor, ‡
The curse to remove, and the problem resolve
Which threatens our Union to sever.
The friend of the slave must be constant and brave;
Yet courage most glowing and innate,
With truth for his shield, failed Sumner a field
In the lists of our national Senate.
Blows seldom recoil in a manner to foil
A brutal assassin aggressor; §

* Uncle Tom was the Titus of his race—*Delicia generis humani*. The crown within his grasp is more precious than the purple and diadem of the Cæsars.

† Duchess of Sutherland.

‡ H. R. Helper, the author of the *Impending Crisis*.

§ Mr. Helper remarks (p. 15, *Compendium*): "That we shall encounter opposition we consider as certain; perhaps we may be even subjected to insult and violence. . . . But we shall shrink from no responsibility, and do nothing unbe-

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

He bides his own time to be cautious in crime,
Avoiding the risks of a cessor.

VI.

Hail! all who would aid in suppressing a trade
Which plunges whole nations in tears—
At home and abroad both a curse and a rod,
A source of perpetual fears.
Hail! England's great Queen! and good Lincoln! again!
Be Justice and Mercy and Power
Our guerdons of right, and our pillars of light,
Our rock and impregnable tower.

Now praise to the *Highest*, the *Mightiest*, *Nighest*,
The *Wisest*, *Most Holiest*, *Best*!
To men of goodwill, his behests who fulfil,
Be honor and concord and rest!

TO HER GRACE, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

I.

DAUNTLESS proceed! yea, conquering go
In Freedom's van, with Beecher, Stowe,
Most noble lady! to impart
The promptings of thine own pure heart
In Freedom's cause; thy honored name
We hail as foremost to proclaim
The slave a man, his wife a mother,
Both lowly, yet a sister, brother.

coming a man. We know how to repel indignity, and, if assaulted, shall not fail to make the blow recoil upon the aggressor's head."

We believe that Mr. H.—on one occasion at least, if not more than one, since the publication of his work—has been constrained to make good his promise in this matter of aggression.

II.

Has thou not, gracious lady, been
 Of heaven elect to be a queen?
 Aye, sooth to say, a queen thou art
 In every leal and honest heart.
 Thy coronet, reward for deeds
 Of love and mercy, far exceeds,
 In worth and splendor, all that glows
 In brilliants o'er thy radiant brows.
 Thy *sceptre* more than regal sway
 Exerts o'er nations far away;
 Thy *virtues, tutelary powers*
 Nor autocrats nor emperors
 In might or majesty approach;
 Thy *fame*, without a stain or blotch,
 Nor wrath can wound, nor malice touch;
 Thou art, in short, a queen of queens—
 Queen of our hearts: those aliens
 Who own no other sovereign's might
 In thy supremacy delight;
 Nay, *she*, the mightiest in command,
 Reveres the matchless Sutherland!
 Angelic being! from thy sight
 Shrink into darkest shades of night
 Whate'er of wickedness or sin
 Or stalks abroad or lurks within!

III.

Of mien majestic, mild, and meek,
 Divinely wrought perfection's mould;
 When rival graces flush thy cheek,
 Truth, goodness, love, their age of gold
 Confess, and Envy with amaze
 Gives willing tribute to thy praise—

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Such, angel of the house of Gower,
Thy peerless loveliness and power !

IV.

Reader, condemn the heartless lie
Which would the Sutherland affy
To persecution and oppression,
Within the range of her possession.
Thou, gracious lady, wouldst not have
Or man or beast a hapless slave ;
But free, unchained as highland deer,
Or as those larks, high poised in air,
That soar above the clouds, and sing
Their carols to the new-born Spring ;
Or bird of Jove, with lordly sweep
Descending o'er Pomona's steep.

V.

Most noble lady ! so humane !
Who causes thee a moment's pain,
Whose slander would, with baleful wing,
And malice, with envenomed sting,
Thy stainless name—
(Aye ! stainless as the virgin snow
On Dornoch's Firth or Birsá Brough)*
Thy stainless name, along the path
Between Cape Sable and Cape Wrath,†

* Dornoch Firth, in Sutherland. Birsá Brough, on the northwest of Pomona, the largest of the Orkney Isles.

† Cape *Sable*, the most southern cape in Florida. Cape *Wrath*, the northern extremity of Sutherland and of Great Britain.

The Hon. Miss A. A. Murray has amply vindicated the present Duchess of Sutherland from any share in the ejection or deportation of the Sutherland peasantry.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Assail : or whereso, land or sea,
Is redolent of Liberty,*
That bastard liberty which waves
Its corsair flag o'er captured slaves—
High on a felon's gibbet swung,
Let carrion vultures rend his tongue !

VI.

Yet, sweetest lady, such the price,
In calumny and prejudice,
Which all must pay, who strive to see
The dawn of Freedom's jubilee.
If now to thee it seemeth hard,
Have still in view the great reward
To those who bind the broken heart,
Who love good tidings to impart ;
Beauty, for ashes, joy, for grief,
The robe of praise, the heart's relief,
Is theirs to hope in righteousness,
With everlasting joy and peace !

SONG,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HER GRACE, THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND,
AND SUNG BEFORE A LARGE PARTY OF LADIES OF THE
SOUTHERN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

I.

Sisters, greeting ! we implore you
Break from slaves their galling chain !
Lowly, suppliant thus before you,

* "*Toot ! toot !*" said a gallant Scot, to whom S. R. had read the passage referred to, "*Redolent of Liberty*, indeed ! A man who would assail the Duchess of Sutherland can be redolent only of *Whiskey and Tobacco !*"

SONG.

Shall we, sisters, plead in vain?
Duteous daughters, wives, and mothers
Are of every cast and shade;
We, our fathers, husbands, brothers,
For the darkest crave your aid.

II.

Can you, sisters, in coherence
With your laws and rules of life,
Sever children from their parents,
And the husband from the wife?
Think in time, we pray, bethink you,
What dread woe from bondage springs,
Feuds domestic, crimes which link you
With the very worst of kings.

III.

Free *your slaves!* with freedom teach them
What, in ransom for a soul,
Heaven has paid; in love beseech them
Stormy passions to control;
Teach them from the living fountain
Of true wisdom from above,
As the Saviour on the mountain
Taught the multitude in love.

IV.

In those arts and rights instruct them,
Which you know and prize so well,
And in peace and joy conduct them
Where they can in safety dwell.
There, like you, through Freedom's blessing,
From their altars and their home,
May they, evermore progressing,
Sow the seeds of life to come.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

NEW SONG.

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE
SOUTH, AT CHATTANOOGA.

I.

I'LL sing a song, a simple song,
I've heard it in my motherland;
'Tis something new, about the U-
Niversity of Southerland.
Hurrah! hurrah! for motherlands!
Hurrah! hurrah! for brotherlands!
A loosened screw disturbs the U-
Niversity of Southerland!

II.

We'll read the books our sires have read,*
No other books in Southerland
Shall e'er be read, in school or bed,
Than may be read in motherland.

*The bishops and planters of the South will probably soon build and richly endow a University, so-called; nor can we question they will find men of the highest order of talents for its various departments of instruction. We heartily say God-speed to them in the sacred cause of education—for knowledge is light; but to talk of purifying its channels by suppressing in the literature of the world all that touches upon slavery in terms of condemnation, is the height and depth and length and breadth of absurdity!

They will have to begin at the Book of Exodus, the most ancient of all works on the abolition of human bondage. We need scarcely assure them that the number of "freedom shriekers" in subsequent periods of the history of mankind is far too great to be silenced by the secret machinations or open violence of pro-slavery advocates.

The defecation they talk of by the Index Expurgatorius contemplated will be a *lucus a non lucendo*. History and poetry and philosophy and religion, divested of the love and sentiment of human freedom, would be a dark, seething, overflowing *colluvies* of all the worst elements of moral and social evil. Ye Gods! what a heritage to future generations!

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

We are not knaves, we shan't be slaves,
We'll do as men in other lands;
We'll cut in twain the cord and chain
That bind the slave in Southerlands!
Hurrah! hurrah! for motherlands!
Hurrah! hurrah! for brotherlands!
We'll cut in twain the cord and chain
That bind the slave in Southerlands!

III.

Let Shakspeare, Cowper, Burns, and Scott,
Her Grace the Lady Sutherland,
And Britain's Queen, be ne'er forgot
By those who love the motherland.
Hurrah! hurrah! for motherlands!
Hurrah! hurrah! for brotherlands!
We'll cut in twain the cord and chain
That bind the slave in Southerlands!

IV.

To *seal* the *books* for which man looks
For *truth* in every other land,
Cannot be right—'tis to *indict*
The truth itself in Southerland!
Hurrah! hurrah! for motherlands!
For sister and for brotherlands!
The *slave* to *free*, shall ever be
Our chief delight in Southerlands!

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

THE HON. A. A. MURRAY.

MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO THE HON. A. A. MURRAY—TOUCHING
THE PRO-SLAVERY TENDENCY OF HER BOOK OF TRAVELS
IN THE UNITED STATES.

I.

DAUGHTER of an illustrious line,
Be it thy privilege to shine,
In beauty, splendor, wit, at court,
Whither both wealth and rank resort ;
Where wisdom, valor, worth reside,
With courtesy and blameless pride—
A galaxy of radiant sheen
Around a good and gracious queen.

II.

But hadst thou lived as long as we
Amidst the ills of slavery,
Or known as well as Beecher Stowe
A tithe of its unfathomed woe,
Wouldst thou thy sovereign have offended,
In that thou hast a cause defended
Which she most wisely reprobates ?
Not only as destroying States
Politically ; nay, but rather
Because that evil is the father
Of countless wrongs—subverting morals,
And evermore entailing quarrels
Upon our country; and a race
With which, in harmony and peace,
Our only source of emulation
Should be to work emancipation

From gyves of body or of mind,
Alike pernicious to mankind ;
To spread abroad faith, light, and truth
From east to west, from north to south,
Till sea and land, from shore to shore,
War's clarion echoes hear no more !

III.

Read, learn, digest, and mark these rhymes ;
Mark well the pressure of the times ;
Obey thy good and gracious queen—
Sorely lamenting thou hast been
The writer of a class of letters
Which rank thee with the chief abettors
Of a base system, by whose vices,
And shameless, heartless artifices,
It will thy spirit much have grieved
To find thy judgment so deceived.

IV.

How *canst* thou know the baleful evil
Which eats the social heart like weevil
In cereal heaps—destroying life,
And evermore fomenting strife
Between the husband and the wife ?
The *moral* stain, the *soul* disease,
The wrath which nothing can appease,
That which, more cruel than the grave,
Affects the just man and the knave,
Thou *throw'st* not of ; nor yet the *mental*,
Or *natural* or *accidental*.
Who went to low propensities
To yield, and social rites defies,

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Prone like a beast, appearance saves
By living in a land of slaves.
Without or fear or care of censure,
He may and will his all adventure,
Subordinate the mind to matter,
Bitter for sweet, sweet put for bitter ;
By rampant appetites invaded,
In heart and mind and soul degraded,
He makes his *will* a *tyrant's* law,
The bond and free alike to awe.

v.

Taints physical we cannot treat of,
Descending so from sire to son ;
No one can adequately weet of
That which is sown in flesh and bone !
Lady, perhaps before thy birth
'Twas ours to estimate the worth
Of all this hideous, *monster lie*
Which some call legal slavery !
We love thy country and thy name,
And pay just homage to thy fame ;
And though it is our lot to be
Unskilled in ways of chivalry,
Nay, doubtless far beyond the reach
Of polished life and Attic speech,
Yet thou wilt not, mayhap, refuse
The tribute of our Doric muse ;
For we are not of such a jury
As would condemn the courtly Murray
Unheard : her manner, wit refined,
Her judgment, talents, grasp of mind,
We honor much, and much desire
To mark, regard, esteem, admire

The noble lineaments of face,
The mingled dignity and grace
Which birth and station oft express,
And habit, moulding every feature
In perfect harmony with nature,
To beauty, conversation, mien,
Meet for the friend of Britain's queen.

VI.

Due honor to thy good intention—
Yet trust we not ourselves to mention
The ills that may from writings flow
On which we fain would praise bestow,
Those passages except, of course,
Which better reason make the worse.

VII.

Far better thou hadst caught the quartan
Than dimmed the lustre of thy tartan,
The black, the blue, the red and green*
So honored by thy lovely queen.
'Tis said thy bright and glowing page†
Does much injustice to thy badge—
A badge so famed in Scottish story,
The badge of Sutherland and Murray—
The Beallaidh chatti‡ of Argyle,
Of Sutherland and *Strath-na-var*,
The glory of the highland Gael,
Of "Bonnie Murray," and of Mar.§

* Colors of Sutherland and Murray.

† S. R., having seen and read Miss Murray's book, regrets he has no occasion to change those lines.

‡ *Beallaidh-chatti*—Butcher's-broom. *Ruscus aculeatus*. See Scottish Gael.

§ West of Scotland.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

RHYMES.

Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write ;
There's nane ever feared that the truth should be heard,
But they wham the truth would indiet.—BURNS.

THE FOLLOWING JEUX D'ESPRIT ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED
TO THE

BISHOPS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

OF THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST,

BY THEIR FRIEND, SENNOIA RUBEK.

I.

BISHOP POLK! Bishop Polk! there are many good folk
Who think that thy Southern great college
Will prove but a hoax among flourishing oaks,
A poor, stunted crab-tree of knowledge.
Mission Ridge, Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, that fountain
Of chivalrous boasting and rant,
Thy fortress and tower, now yield to the power,
The genius and valor of Grant!
'Twas there that thy college, said crab-tree of knowledge,
And eke some cathedral stood,
Unorganized schemes, with pro-slavery aims,
And cankered in root and in bud.
Time was, if the cause of the slave could by laws
Be bettered by thee in the South,
Thou wouldst to thy cost see his manacles loosed
Much rather than fastened in wrath.
Such once were thy views. Ah! why didst thou choose,
In these days of war and secession,
Thy Church to desert, and the Gospel pervert,
To advocate wrong and oppression?

Why peril thy soul in exchanging the stole
 For the sash, and the crook for the sabre,
 And the type of the dove, that sweet emblem of love,
 For symbols of death to thy neighbor?

II.

Pre-eminent Elliott! thou lord of the Helot!
 The fardel thou put'st on his back,*
 His freedom to gain by additional strain,
 May cause his poor heart-strings to crack.
 Most noble Athenian! regard that Cyrenian
 Who helped in the load of the cross;
 That cause to sustain, man, go sever in twain, man,
 Slave bonds, nor account it a loss.

III.

Thou, Miser McDonough! hast certainly won a
 Great name, as Dey of Algiers,
 Since heads of the Church light their lamps at thy torch,
 To *audit* slave labor and tears.
 Oh! slave Theologians, the horse of the Trojans
 Was never more chock full of foes,
 Than meet in the swamp, village, city, and camp,
 Your long cherished plans to oppose.

* Bishop Elliott is among those who have been endeavoring to carry out the scheme of the late John McDonough, the rich miser of Algiers (near New Orleans), who suffered his slaves, by *extra work*, to redeem themselves from bondage, after the expiration of a certain number of years, and the payment into his hands within that period of an amount equal, we think, to the full market value of the slave. Mr. McDonough made no pretensions to philanthropy. It was in the manner above stated that the Montpelier Institute was proposed to be maintained in Georgia, and a mission school in Louisiana, with a plantation to be worked by slaves, who should redeem themselves by extra hours of labor *before day* in the *morning* and *after night* in the *evening*. When thus redeemed, they should be transported to Liberia, and the price received for them laid out in purchasing in Virginia or Carolina a gang of people who may be nearly double the number of those sent away.—See *Re-proof of the Amer. Ch.*, p. 53.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

IV.

So long, for the keys of the Church, on his knees
Has he sought, it is matter of wonder
That Thomas F. Davis, the friend of the slave, is
Now anxious its union to sunder.
Ah me! thy crusaders, the negro traders,
In church, and in State, Carolina,
In worship of Cotton, and Rice—sometimes rotten—
Surpass the celestials of China.
Right Rev. Sirs! apostolic o'erseers!
Your slaves, through divine revelation,
By hook or by crook, once instructed, would look
For *freedom* and *civilization*!

V.

Most excellent Otey! we gladly would vote ye
A mitre more fitting thy fame,
Than fair Tennessee is reported to be
By those who most honor thy name.
But thou, too, good Bishop, art looked to to fish up
A tribute to Slavery's reign,
Thy See the abode where the lash and the load
Must for whites the ascendant retain.

VI.

Bishop Green! Bishop Green! think how oft thou hast been,
Among many owners of slaves,
A witness of crimes that dishonor the times,
And the States that are cursed with such knaves!
Remember one Barnet, and Murrill, that Garnet,*
So red, and so rich, and so rare,

* *Barnet and Murrill.* Who indeed can forget that ever knew those worthies?
The name Murrill is historical in its way. The other is no less deserving an in-

Procuring "prime wenches" for judges on benches,
 To sooth them in sorrow and care.
 Is it true, as we hear, thou hast altered the prayer
 Of the Church for the President, naming
 That traitor instead, who ranks first on your bead,
 While rampant rebellion proclaiming?
 Whoever absconds from his national bonds,
 Has need of much prayer and fasting;
 But your constitution will make restitution
 (In case your dominion be lasting)
 For losses: all traitors *profess to be* haters
 Of meanness and wrong and aggression,
 But ever are wanting in aught but in vaunting
 To remedy fraud and oppression.

VII.

Dear politic Glennie! the love of the penny*
 Must surely have blinded thine eyes,
 Or conjugal tears, and preposterous fears,
 Have made thee more cautious than wise.
 'Twas said that Lord Byron, once urged by thy sire on
 The union and freedom of Greece,
 Determined to work, from the bonds of the Turk,
 That heroic people's release.
 But now 'tis reported that thou hast consorted
 With those who make slaves in the west,
 By means which all freemen, or landsmen or seamen,
 If Christians, are bound to detest.

mortality of infamy. Of course, the advertisements referred to will be questioned; but the search for their authenticity may bring many worse ones to light.

* The Rev. Alexander Glennie, rector of All Saints' Parish, Wackamaw, S. C., is said to be the son of that Dr. G. in whose school at Dulwich Lord Byron passed two years, during which time he was more amiable than at any other period of his life. The Rev. A. G. has labored much in imparting religious instruction to negroes; and is supposed by some, perhaps erroneously, to be in favor of the slave trade, so strongly recommended by his neighbors and friends.

If sons of the soil be the fittest to toil,*
 And show of salvation the might,
 Why, Lord, didst thou choose through a mission of Jews
 To sprinkle the heathen with light?
 Why, sirs, did your daddies, for Cottons and Paddies,†
 Import from the African shore,
 Through kidnapping knaves, teeming cargoes of slaves,
 While natives appeared at their door?

VIII.

Bishop Lee! Bishop Lee! we are strangers to thee,
 Bishops Atkinson, Rutlege, and Cobb,
 Bishops Whittingham, Mead, Dr. Johns, who 'tis said
 Dissent from the views of James Robb.‡
 He doubtlessly raves, who, for owners of slaves,
 Would text books attempt to indite;
 Prohibition alone would but serve for a bone
 Of contention—a *tax upon light*!

IX.

Do you represent the apostles first sent?
 Was theirs a *command to enslave*?

* *If sons of the soil, &c.* This seems to be a favorite maxim with Southern people. One needs only cast his eyes over the list of bishops to be convinced of the fact; and hence it may happen that the proudest State among them may have as its spiritual head a man of the lowest order of talents. Indeed, the Know-Nothing spirit is nowhere more rife than among Southern Churchmen—in short, among Christians of every denomination in the South, who are native born and slave owners.

† *Paddy.* Webster says, there is but one species of this grain, but alludes to several species of aquatic grasses of the genus *zizania*, found in North America called wild rice. Brandt, under the head *Oryza*, mentions an immense variety in its qualities. In its natural state, in the husk, it is called Paddy. If the reader does not like the plural in this sense, let it run as follows. Says Dan:

Why then did your daddies, or *Britons* or *Paddies*.

‡ *James Robb.* An active, enterprising, experienced, and able man of business in New Orleans, still in the prime of manhood. He is expected to be one of the Stuyvesants of the University of the South.

Did they, and all others, apostles and brothers,
 Go forth men to *ruin*, not *save* ?
 George Washington Freeman, thou'rt destined to be, man,
 The first, if not worst, on the lists
 Of foes to the slave, from his birth to his grave,
 Among apostolic high priests !*

X.

Doctor Hawks ! Doctor Hawks !† he but jeeringly talks
 Of fame, who to freedom denies
 A charter divine, from the innermost shrine
 Of a temple let down from the skies.
 In thy eloquent zeal, thou hast learned to feel
 That duty enjoins thee to save,
 From trials and pains, and from Tyranny's chains,
 The heart-broken African slave.
 Thy loved Carolina than Egypt or China
 Might boast more historic renown,
 If, urged by thy voice, it caused slaves to rejoice,
 And thee, that their freedom was won.

XI.

Lament, ye green mountains ! ye valleys and fountains !
 Whose sons, when resolved upon fight,

* *Among apostolic, &c.* See IX. Dan, again busy with his suggestions, would read:

"Of slave legislation, high priests,"

Alluding to the Bishop's famous pro-slavery sermons, delivered many years ago before the Legislature of North Carolina. All these things have consequences.

† S. R. devoutly believes that there is no real freedom save in the triumphs of Christianity. This is the New Jerusalem let down from heaven. There are two eminent brothers, to either of whom the above lines may with propriety be addressed. *Utrum horum mavis accipe.* S. R., however, seems to have his thoughts chiefly upon that Chrysostom of the American Episcopal Church, Dr. F. L. Hawks, of New York, among whose writings he believes there is one volume, or more than one, upon Oriental Antiquities.

Towards the north, and the east, and the south, and the west,
 Spread Liberty's banner of light.
 Lament, that your Bishop,* with sanative hyssop,
 From just execration would save
 Those villanous cravens, who fatten the ravens
 With blood from the heart of a slave!
 Perhaps, like our Hintons and Seaburys, bent on
 Defending slave owners and breeders,
 He hopes to find rochet rewards for his crotchet
 In aiding a church of seceders.

Whose nearest akin has the marks on his skin
 Of the whip of a slave-owning tyrant,†
 Should not, one would think, be expected to wink
 On a process so painfully pliant;
 Excepting a case when the power of grace
 Might urge to bear stripes as a martyr,
 Which, though not in name, may amount to the same
 Thing, just, as "catching a Tartar."
 'Tis said that our youth did, in fact and in truth,
 Not deny, but confess in his terrors,
 And cried, "I implore! pray, forgive me! give o'er—
 I own and repent of my errors."

* Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont. See his Bible View of Slavery, lately published.

† Setting rhyme and satire aside, is it true, or is it not true, that a son of Bishop Hopkins, employed in the capacity of a teacher, was, some years ago, not one hundred miles from Bayou Goula, Plaquemines—or Baton Rouge—Louisiana, barbarously and unresistingly beaten by a Mississippi planter, for having corrected a little girl—his pupil? Is it true, or is it not true, that Mr. Hopkins (together with his brother-in-law and family) was compelled, as the consequence of these untoward events, to abandon both school and church in that neighborhood? Here are some of the precious fruits of slavery, which the charitable Bishop seems disposed to overlook. Can we assign no reason for his upholding such a system? Is the true one assigned in our doggerel rhymes? In a word, has the Bishop now, or has he never had, or never expected to have, any direct personal interest in defending slavery?

MEETING OF MRS. PARTINGTON AND MRS. GRUNDY,
AFTER THE SESSION OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF THE SOUTH, HELD AT BEERSHEBA, GRUNDY COUNTY, TENNESSEE,
JULY 4TH, 1858.

MRS. PARTINGTON LOQUITUR.

I.

OH! dear Mrs. Grundy! how good, how "*jucundly*,"
Divines add, 'tis thus to shake hands!*

As these cuts mispresent, by our committees sent,
In books, about money and lands.

This mighty big college, we all must acknowledge,
Is just what we want at the South;

'Twill keep our boys pure, and their morals insure,
From *justice* and *mercy* and *truth*.

MRS. GRUNDY.

II.

Mrs. Partington, dear! if it were not from fear
Of my husband, I'd never agree
That an acre of mine should, for such a design,
Be ever surrendered in fee.

But *you know Sol. Grundy!* from Beersheba to Fundy
Bay highlands, there breathes not a man,
Nor round to Velasco, nor through to Francisco,
(Thrice ten times the distance to Dan)*

* Mrs. P. is evidently struck with an etching in one of the pamphlets of the Board of Trustees, representing a pair of hands shaking each other *in nubibus*, under the motto *Ecce quam bonum*. Mrs. P. would finish, or at least extend, the quotation in her own way: *Ecce! quam bonum et jucundum*.

* The distance from Dan to Beersheba in Palestine was 140 miles. Mrs. Grundy, a well-educated lady of Tennessee, is therefore tolerably correct in supposing our Dan and our Beersheba as removed one from the other by thrice ten times that distance—say 4,200 miles.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

More wayward or queer, more morose, more severe,
If aught interfere with his plan,
Be the plan what it may, touching cotton or hay,
Schools, negroes, taxes, so forth,
Political measures, or mineral treasures,
So freely discussed at the North ;
Yet I, his poor wife, am the plague of his life,
If, forsooth, his mad projects I scan.

III.

Committed to lawyers, and courts termed "Oyers,"
He says he must now follow suit,
In titles and lands, which this college demands
(The vile, the detestable brute !)
And heads of the college, all men of great knowledge,
He thinks will sustain him, no doubt,
Nor own that in this he has acted amiss,
To keep me in darkness throughout !
Disguise how we may, ma'am ! the truth must have way, ma'am !
These schools of slave owners and breeders
Can never work well ; they but sink us to hell,
And make us a land of seceders.
Alas ! must Sewanec, in fact and in law be,
And eke our Beersheba Springs,
A fountain of wrongs, and a dépôt for thongs,
And a hotbed of cockatrice stings !
Of morals so pure, which your wit would insure,
The less that is said 's soonest unended.
Would to God, my good dame ! that the college you name
Could thus with our gossip be ended !

STANZAS TO
 QUEEN VICTORIA,
 AND OTHER POEMS.

BY SENNOIA RUBEK, CHAPLAIN U. S. A.

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

(A NEW VERSION, WITH VARIATIONS.)

A Pro-Slavery Writer from Georgia, of the School of Rabbi Raphael, Mayor Wood, &c.—Our Georgian Praised by an Honorary Member of a celebrated University.—Reference to our Quarterlies and the Hon. Miss A. A. Murray.—Delightful Picture of Slavery.—Bishop Hopkins and Mrs. Kemble.—“Well Fed, well Clothed, well Lodged, well Cared For,” answered by a new Version of the Dog and the Wolf.—Barnum and his Museum described.

The late Incendiary Fires in New York.—Kennedy.—Wax-Works.—Madam Tussaud.—Barnum's Loyalty.—Parallels.—Prayer.—Episodes upon Raids, Riots, &c.—Wolf described.—Moral.—The Author treats of Contrabands.—Our Wounded Soldiers.—Exchanged Union Prisoners.—General John H. Winder.—Further Success of our Arms.—Peace.—Our Military Leaders.—Our President, Abraham Lincoln.—Hymn of Praise and Thanksgiving.—Assassination.—Assassins: Booth, Payne, Atzerodt, Surratt, &c.—Conclusion.

I.

A GEORGIAN sinless touching pork
 Has, in a very learnèd work,
 Proved Slavery the best condition
 To save the masses from perdition.
 He was of Rabbi Raphael's school,
 Of traitor knaves a venal tool,

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Or of the clique of Mayor Wood,—
A most religious brotherhood,—
Viz. : Long, Vallandigham, and Brooks,
Cox, Voorhees, Pendleton, and Snooks;
Men, all far-famed for puling words,
More baneful than the rebels' swords;
And abject beggars for a peace,
Involving national disgrace.
Their Sachem was the valiant Rynders,*
Whose oily tongue and tender grinders
And pious oaths and decent gibes
Were aimed at Pharisees and Scribes.
Now, with a bishop for high-priest,
Their creed, with Scripture richly spiced,
Far better suits a Satirist.

II.

That freedom is a bitter curse,
Of every wickedness the source,
Our Georgian proved with stunning force,
And not a few his book indorse.
'Twas praised by N. N. the book-vendor—
An honorary member he
Of some great University
In Europe is ; the reason why,
If you can fathom, so can't I.
A man who wrote a book himself—
Which still unsold adorns his shelf—
That, too, was lauded by some journals,
Monthlies, hebdomadals, diurnals ;
We know not if our Quarterlies
Their formidable batteries

* *Rynders*.—See a speech of Captain Rynders at Tammany Hall, reported by the newspapers, 8th November, 1864, and said to be "characteristic of the man."

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

For or against it ever opened,
And life or instant death betokened—
All learned critics—who can doubt it,
That has a moment thought about it?—
Indeed, so learned, it is said,
They judge of books they've never read,
As worth their weight in gold or lead.
'Twas thus thy "Burden of the South,"
So full of life, and light, and truth,
Was lately judged, Sennoia Rubek,
Thou pupil of the school of Lubeck.*
Now—parenthetically parted—
We to the man from whom we've started
Retrace our steps, as one to be
Regarded with due courtesy—
We mean, pray mark! that worthy vendor,
Who would not fawn, or stoop, or bend—or
Be forced or bribed to write a puff,
Or serve a speculating chuff;
If he, a chuff, who wrote the book, was,
As he who of the gains partook was.

III.

It showed to nicest demonstration,
By rules of ratiocination—
Not N. N.'s book—we mean the Georgian,
Who would at once divide the Gordian
Knot to prove slaves more bless'd than white men;
It is not difficult to cite men—

* "*Burden of the South*," *Lubeck*.—Some of the criticisms on this little book in the Copperhead journals evince in the critics an amount of ignorance and impudence, or of dishonesty and malignity, incredible to any, save those who have seen, read, and judged of the book for themselves. If *Lubeck* have no distinct school of dogmatic theology, it is, at least, as distinguished a seat of the reformation doctrines as most of the Hanse towns or German principalities.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

And women too : the Donna Murray,*
Who whilome wrote in such a hurry
Her book of travels, in that vein,
An instance is—who time and again,
Have written thus, though 'tis so plain,
That those who run may understand it
Better than those who've closely scanned it.
In fact, he proved with great complacence,
It is an act of vile malfeasance,
And worthy of the rack or gibbet—
But here we think he needs must fib it ;
Good reader, as a fib receive it—
To say a word that might unrivet
A single link in chain so worn—
A yoke so lightly, sweetly borne,
By those who are and wish to be
Provided for abundantly.
It is delightful so to serve—
Those who dislike it ought to starve.
“ Well fed, well clothed, well housed, well cared for,”
When healthy, prized, when sick, prepared for
That last great change that comes to all,
From negro hut to regal hall !
Is that the case, asked B., of those
Who sink beneath the savage blows
Of paddles, cow-hides, saws, and sticks,
And cuffs, and oaths, and brutal kicks ?
Twelve stripes, a bishop says, is all †
That they receive. Oh ! what a fall-

* The Hon. Miss Murray—in view of the occasional suffering of the Irish peasantry from scarcity—has expressed, in pretty nearly the same terms as our Georgia Jew Doctor, the supposed inferiority of their condition to that of negro slaves.

† We would not impute to Bishop Hopkins a willing or wilful perversion of truth. What he states on the authority of Mrs. Butler, as to the measure of punishment on her husband's plantation, in Georgia, may have been true, as long

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

Ing off is *there*, ye gods! in truth,
And from a learned prelate's mouth.
"Exceptions, sir, will always be,
I'd rather serve in slavery,
Than as the Dutch be, or the Irish,
Who often from starvation perish."

IV.

There was, said B., a dog hight Blossom,
No mole more sleek, more fat no 'possum.—
Fatter, I think, than you or I,*
Although I say it by-the-by,
And who will dare assert I lie?
You might, if fattened, soaped, and greased,
At any market where you pleased,
Exhibit there, as any buyer
Or negro-seller could desire; †
Yea, if I don't mistake your tribe—
Pray do not think I mean to gibe—
You'd stand the poking of a rib,
Or application of a rope,
Or of your own good stethoscope.—

as she—an Englishwoman, hating slavery—remained an inmate of his family mansion. We believe, moreover, that most, if not all, of the Butlers of that family are particularly kind to their negroes; yet we vehemently suspect that Mrs. K. was, in the case referred to, deceived by the overseer. It is the veriest twaddle to assert that twelve stripes is the ordinary discipline of the lash among Southern people, and this the Bishop ought to know, from the bitter personal experience of some of his own household. The Southern planters are far more scriptural than Bishop Hopkins, in the matter of negro flagellation. "Forty stripes save one"—"Thirty-nine (39) lashes!" is the proverbial threat of infliction for the smallest offence. One hundred, two hundred, and sometimes five hundred lashes are administered.

* Our Georgian was a pretty fair specimen of the *Porcus de grege Epicuri*.

† The most accomplished *coiffeurs* and *valets* are, in the mysteries of an Ethiopian toilet, far behind the most brutal overseers and speculators on the Mississippi. See the slave-market in New Orleans.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Towards dawn of day a wolf he met—
The dog, the dog, sir! don't forget—
A wolf, gaunt, hungry, cold, and wet;
No robber who evades the watch,
Or drunkard from a night's debauch,
With nervous hand upon his latch,
E'er imaged more a guilty wretch.
How often in the morning's gray,
Ere sunrise had made all things gay,
When we ourselves were gay and blest,
Among the prairies of the West,
Have we, at distance, passing by,
On some tall hill against the sky,
Beheld those thieves on watch and ward—
Like soldiers on a picket guard,
Or predatory general,
Determined on a carnival—
A raid upon some helpless flock,
By coward shepherds all forsook,
As was of late poor Maryland,
When ravaged by a rebel band!
How oft on horseback have we faced
Those prowling vagabonds, and chased
And killed them ere they reached their thickets,
In spite of all their guards and pickets! *
So should our Union warriors now
Serve every brigand rebel foe:
So perish Quantrel's blood-stained hounds,
And Mosby, on his murderous rounds,

* The officers of the U. S. A. often pursue wolves on the Western prairies and kill them, sometimes with no other weapons than their stirrup-irons. It is by no means difficult to outrun a wolf, even on a good Indian pony; but their vigilance makes it no easy matter to overtake them, before they reach some ravine or thicket, where a successful pursuit on horseback becomes impossible.

And Morgan, with inglorious wounds.
Nor are our Union soldiers free
From this atrocious felony.
Abstracting from the rights of war—
Whoever wrongs a prisoner,
Defiles, or kills, or robs, or steals,
Or wounds, or wantonly assails
Defenceless age, or brings distress
On widows and the fatherless—
On him descending soon or late,
Shall judgment without mercy wait!

v.

O God! thy purposes disclose,
To change the spirit of our foes.
Send from thy ministry of grace
Some radiant arbiter of peace,
Or other herald from thy throne,
Thy righteous judgments to make known,
Thy hidden counsels to fulfil,
And work submission to thy will;
Or, send some great deliverer forth,
From East, or West, or South, or North,
To Sherman, Sheridan, or Grant,
With Israel's glorious battle chant!
"It is the year of jubilee."
Charge! in the name of liberty,
To set the captive exile free;
Charge, to the trumpet's thrilling sound—
Charge, till the welkin rings around—
Charge, till the hills and rocks rebound—
Charge in the name of God most high,
With the loud shouts of victory!

Thine be the praise, O gracious Lord !
 The victory thine ! through Gideon's sword ;
 Thine this rebellion to subdue,
 And all the ills that thence ensue.
 Our sundered stars, O God ! unite,
 That, spreading with reflected light,
 They may increase from shore to shore,
 In wisdom, glory, wealth, and power ;
 Renewed as by a second birth,
 The hope and pride of all the earth,
 While circling spheres, with joy elate,
 Proclaim aloud their happy state.

VI.

Reader, excuse our long digression
 On rebel raids and State progression ;
 Resume we now our thread of story,
 In fable or in allegory.
 Do come with me, began the dog,
 You'll soon be fat as any hog ;
 Nay, fat as Barnum's lion, seal,
 Nor urged as now to kill and steal.
 Phin. Barnum you of course must know—
 The man who keeps the Broadway Show—
 (Our author—'tis a thing in vogue—
 Now changes to a *Monologue* !)
 A singularly pleasant fellow,
 Half Mercury and half Apollo,
 Is Phin. ; those beasts most prone to bellow,
 His voice incontinently follow.
 So by the lyre of Orpheus led,
 The fiercest animals were said
 With rocks and trees to dance and play,
 Like Dryads on a gala-day !

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

Phin's crowning virtue seems to be
A most unswerving loyalty,
Evinced in loyal words and deeds,
Amidst a host of Copperheads ;
While much admiring Little Mac,
He votes Old Abe shall keep the track ;
Nor thinks it safe "to change our team,
Right in the middle of the stream."*
In Barnum this was deemed akin
To the unpardonable sin—
The sin against the chivalry,
The Copperheads, and Slavery.
It therefore was resolved that he
Should feel some dire calamity :
That his Museum, magazines,
Crypts, tanks, and armories and screens ;
His long-accumulating hoards,
Beasts, fishes, statues, reptiles, birds,
With women, men, and children, numbered,
Not by the score, but by the hundred—
Should all, as by a fire from hell,
With every notable hotel,
Except the recreant New York,
Where spies and spiders jointly work,
Be charred and calcined to the ground ;
That, sorely smitten all around,
Our woes may glut the vengeful eyes
Of worse than savage enemies ;

* Great and memorable utterances originate only with great men. No one but Alexander of Macedon could have uttered Alexander's sayings. Whether the words here referred to originated or not with Mr. Lincoln, they contain volumes of the most profound and practical wisdom, and are alike felicitous in conception and application. They have doubtless procured for him thousands upon thousands of voters. There are many other sayings of our President which ought to be written in letters of gold.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Who, if they dared, would loudly boast
Of the infernal holocaust !
Ah, me ! what piercing shrieks and cries,
What fierce heart-rending agonies,
What parents' tears, what widows' moans,
What deep unutterable groans,
What orphan children's blank despair,
What frantic, solemn, fervent prayer,
What weeping, wailing, and affright,
Should chronicle that dreadful night,
If thou, O Lord ! hadst not ordained
That rebel fury be restrained,
And loyal men their voices raise,
To fill thy courts with songs of praise
For this thy great deliverance wrought,
Far, far beyond the reach of thought !
Preserve us evermore, O God,
From all our enemies abroad ;
And far worse enemies at home,
Who try to seal their country's doom !
Oh, give us grateful hearts to bless
Thy name, for mercies numberless !

VII.

From episode to episode,
We change, according to our mode ;
And now again produce the dog,
Resuming thus his dialogue :
Phin. was a special friend of mine,
In happy days of "Auld Lang Syne ;"
I said a friend, in fact a *chum*—
We lodged for years in the same room.
A charming room it is, and sweet,
Where many grateful odors meet ;

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

And many strange companions, too,
Belike Tom Thumb and Brian Boroo.*
'Tis said a whale is added now ;
Fat women, too, are much in vogue,
And some affect a bloated hog ;
Indeed, who knows not many a lubber
Whose soul luxuriates in blubber !
All nature's kingdoms do, in short,
Send delegates to Barnum's court ;
And are—at least, are said to be—
A very happy family !
I said as fat as Barnum's seal ;
Nor urged, as now to kill and steal,
Like human murderers and thieves,
Who carry dirks and bowie-knives,
Spades, pitchforks, axes, sticks, and stones,
Scythes, rusty bayonets, and guns ;
And camphine lamps and other torches,
Not to illume, but fire, our porches,
Asylums, tenements, and churches ;
To extirpate a hapless race,
Instead of aiding their distress ;
As they, their foes in worst estates,
Are kindly aided in our streets.
In Phin's well-ordered skinnery,
With saw-dust stuffed, your hide will be—
Set up, ere long, for folks to see,
A bead doing duty for an e'e !
Ah, me !—their speculation gone—
As ghastly things to look upon,
As pianist automaton.
(Our author now in force attacks
Phin. Barnum's statuary wax.)

* The Irish orthography of this name is, I believe, Brian Boroimhe.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

There loyalist and regicide,
As Mummies in a pyramid,
Are ranged together, side by side!

Dear honored shade of Madame Tussaud !*
To whom in wonderment we bow so—
Say shall we never see again
Thy casts of women and of men,
In likeness perfect and costume,
Each worthy of a royal dome ;
Yea, in itself, a Mausoléum,†
Which, only viewed in Memory's light,
Thrusts all these scare-crows out of sight,
To occupy some hypogéum,
With purblind frowsy birds of night.

* * * * *

The ill-starred Kennedy, 'tis said ‡—
Just numbered with the convict dead—
Will soon among this grim-faced group,
In dismal fashion, be set up ;

* Madame Tussaud called many years ago upon the author of this poem, then a visitor at Bath, in England, and presented him with a free ticket to her statuary exhibition of wax-work. Her own figure, with a paper in hand, stood at the door of entrance, and so perfect was the likeness, that many persons addressed it, under the impression that it was the living original.

† It will not, I trust, be deemed impertinent to inform the non-classical reader that the words *mausoléum* and *hypogéum*, to which we may add *muséum*, have always the accent on the penultimate, as above marked.

‡ A wretched figure, designed for that of Kennedy, is already at Barnum's.

It should be added, in justice to Mr. Barnum, that when the writer visited the Museum, a few days back, he was agreeably surprised to find that the hideous figures referred to in the text had all been removed, and that the paltry caricature of Kennedy alone marred the exhibition. The Thumb family are well represented, so is the dying Carlist Chief, with the group of surrounding friends. In the deep inspirations and solemn looks and movements of those figures, Mr. Barnum has greatly improved upon talking dolls and winking Madonnas. Humbugs all!

THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

Unless good Barnum feel the twinge
Of such illustrative revenge !
Enough ! perhaps too much of this,
By way of a periphrasis.

VIII.

The dog resumed : Do come, and fear not,
And in that way I pray you leer not ;
So snappish, snarling, fiercely shy,*
With *teeth* so *sharp* and *chaps* so *dry*,
And *scraggy flanks* and *neck awry*—
Certés upon thy hip and thigh
A hat might hang without a tie :
(The Wolf aside—You slave ! you lie !)
And *looks askance*, and *whining cry*—
Pursued the dog ; and *livery*,
Gray, hispid, bristling, shivery—
Each hair on end—would certify
A sense of danger ever nigh ;
A wholesome fear of the small fry
Of curs and bullets passing by.
Thy *nose*, no vulture of the sky,
When stooping down to feed and pry
Upon his quarry, can outvie
In keenness for putridity.
Thy *tail*, in equipendancy
Between thy hinder leg and thigh
Stuck fast, shows base poltroonery,
And eke betokens theft and robbery.
Thy *gait* so shambling, mean, and sly ;
Thine *ears* as of a traitor spy,

* For his rhythmic terminations in the description of the Wolf, the author has no better apology to offer than the license allowed to satire and the *sic volo—sic zubeo*—of a freakish muse. He will be glad to see a better description in a different strain.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

Curt, pointed, flexible, and sly ;
Thy *thoughts*—which only mount as high
As sheepcote fence or nasty sty ;
Thy *thirst*—a thirst which may defy
A sea of blood to satisfy ;
These and that devil in thine eye,
Make me suspect some treachery.
Bon mon ami ! barked Monsieur Loup ;
Quelle marque cette il sur votre coup ?

The dog, not used to speaking French,
Though doubtless he could understand it,
For so our doggerel rhyme hath planned it,
In English, like a judge on bench,
Rejoined, “To make me fierce at night,
They chain me to a log by day !
Adieu, Monsieur ! and quick as light
The Wolf had vanished out of sight,
Nor cared what more the dog might say.

IX.

THE MORAL.

Who liberty barter for clothes and good feeding,
And wears chain and collar the barter to prove,
May fancy, perhaps, he displays courtly breeding,
But meanness and baseness will lurk in his brow.
Contempt, like a chain, will continue to gall him,
Nor less that good fortune, in some things, befall him.

What's said of feeding, clothing, lodging,
Doubtless displays some artful dodging ;
Yet is a tissue or of lies,
Mistakes, or musty fallacies.

FEEDING AND CLOTHING.

Food makes the body strong for work ;
Hard workmen will consume fat pork ;
And pork costs less on one's plantation,
Than any other trucidation ;
Not needed more than food is raiment,
To raise a crop or meet a payment ;
The coarse, strong clothing of the slave
Is purchased *not* to *spend*, but *save* ;
The comforts of a negro cot
Are few and far between, God wot !
Good men, 'tis true, or on plantations
Or farms, give ample food and rations ;
And oft—in families and towns—
One needs must meet with negro loons,
With insolence and folly fraught,
Much better fed and clad than taught ;
But such will always be the case
In every section of our race ;
The slaves of many starve and steal,
To make a comfortable meal.

XI.

Ah ! never let it be the lot
Of those who have our battles fought—
Those gallant soldiers whom we meet
In every avenue and street,
Faint, heavy-laden, sick, and sore,
With wounds and bruises covered o'er—
To be in want of daily bread,
And know not where to lay their head !
'Twere shame, indeed, if here, at home,
They were permitted thus to roam,
Unaided, friendless, and distress'd,
Their strength consumed, their souls oppress'd,
To perish slighted and unblest.

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

'Tis ours to help the lame to walk,
The blind to see, the dumb to talk,
The sick to raise, the naked clothe,
The sad to comfort and to soothe,
To heal the broken heart, and find
A balm for every troubled mind ;
And for the sinning soul to plead
A Saviour's love—a Saviour's need.

When golden harvests crown the year,
To please the eye, the heart to cheer,
And vine and olive fruits increase,
Have pity on the fatherless ;
The widowed mother be thy care,
The stranger and the prisoner ;
Unbar thy gates, thy gifts bestow
On every child of want and woe.

By Him, who in the winter wild,
Became for thee a little child,
And in a lowly manger lay,
Inwraught in swathing bands of hay,
While heavenly hosts, with sweet accord,
Proclaimed him Universal Lord ;
"By all his human griefs and fears,"
His dying agonies and tears,
The grace, the mercy from above,
Which ever marked his boundless love,
The wounded soldier help and save,
From want and famine, and the grave.
His every sorrow, every scar,
Demands thy charity and care.

And chief those gallant men who come,
From rebel prisons to our home ;

OUR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

Victims of hunger and disease,
Catarrhs, bronchitis, pleurisies,
Contusions, ulcers, gangrened wounds,
And every ill within the rounds
Of human misery and pain,
Where rebel wrath and fury reign.

Come on, poor wasted skeletons!
As spectres from a crypt of bones;
O'er such as you do Banshees wail,
And mermaids' cries throughout the gale
Are heard, in melancholy dirge,
Above the thundering of the surge;
You, by a most remorseless theft,
Of money, food, and clothes bereft,
Were kept in nakedness and woe,
'Mid chilling frosts and rain and snow,
Or, lay neglected, faint, and sore,
With filth and vermin covered o'er,
Or were, by famine, doomed to die,
In blank despair and agony;
Your prison fare scarce fit for hogs,
Your dead less honored than their dogs.

Who dares a window to approach,
Or on a special line encroach,
Of wholesome air to catch a breath,
Incurs the penalty of death,
Or into dungeons cold and damp
Is thrust to perish with the cramp,
Where dead, or torpid grown like bats,
He soon becomes the prey of rats.
Such is the chivalry which greets
Our captured men in Richmond streets,

In Macon, Anderson, Danville,
 Augusta, Salisbury, Belle Isle.
 O Winder! Winder! art thou he,*
 Whom once in our artillery,
 We knew some thirty years ago,
 With whitish hair and beard and brow,
 And kindred lashes of an eye,
 Meet for the inmates of a sty—
 A scoffer and blasphemer then
 Of all most prized by Christian men—
 A sordid, churlish, selfish wight,
 And greedy as a famished kite;
 A fierce, impetuous infidel,
 Alike ignoring heaven and hell?
 We judge thee not, for it is said,
 Thou now art numbered with the dead;
 Yet from God's holy book we preach
 To all within our range of speech,
 That whatsoever seed they sow,
 They needs must reap for weal or woe.
 Thank Heaven, those cruelties were vain
 Our gallant armies to restrain,
 Whose banner now in triumph floats
 O'er bastions, parapets, and moats,
 Torpedoes, rams, and iron-clads,
 And other rebel ambuscades.
 Our cannons roar, our muskets flash
 Where echoed late the planter's lash;
 And captives free, and slaves released,
 In shining armor manifest,
 Now move like satellites of light,
 To chase the shades of moral night.

* See Note at the end.

OUR GENERALS.

Savannah, Richmond, and Mobile,
Approve the temper of their steel,
And Petersburg and Wilmington,
By deeds of valor nobly won.
Insurgent hosts, or yield subdued,
Or flying, broken and pursued,
With Johnston, Longstreet, Beauregard,
Find treason's merited reward.

From Heaven descending, meek-eyed Peace,
With Union now in righteousness
Shall dwell confidingly, and prove
A bond of everlasting love.
Our loudest pæans let us sing—
In thankful, heartfelt offering—
To Sherman, Sheridan, and Grant,
Chief heroes of our battle chant;
Nor Farragut nor Porter be
Forgotten in our jubilee;
Nor Thomas, Terry, Meade, or Ord,
Resplendent mirrors of the sword;
Nor Canby, mild, pacific, brave,
Sagacious, reticent, and grave;
Nor Hunt, in friendship, love, and war
A constant, bright, and guiding star,
Not more in grade than in degree,
The chief of our artillery.
Nor others lower in command,
Nor rank and file throughout the land,
Who fought our victories to gain,
And died the Union to maintain.

Nor him, our leader great and good,
The chosen of the multitude,

BURDEN OF THE SOUTH.

In wisdom first, as first in place,
"The first in war, the first in peace,"
And who, in view of his deserts,
Should rank the "first" in all "our hearts;"
Kind, gentle, moderate and brave,
And nobly generous to save,
Nor fear of treachery or might,
Nor favor warps his sense of right;
His honest, faithful heart of love,
Reveals the spirit of a dove—
He holds alike with love and awe
The scales of equity and law.
With more than common foresight blessed,
In clemency by none surpassed,
The foe of vice, but meekly given
To "every virtue under heaven."

But chiefly to the Lord of hosts—
• Omnipotent and wise—
Who giveth peace in all our coasts,
Let loud hosannas rise!
For He alone is King of kings,
The worlds are his domain,
In Him are life's eternal springs,
By Him all princes reign.
His works how marvellous and great,
His ways how just and true,
Before whose throne all worldly state
Dissolves like morning dew!
The nations shall before Him fall,
And worship at His feet—
The high, the mighty, and the small,
The humble and the great!

OUR TROUBLES NOT ENDED.

Through Him alone, the Triune God,
Are victory and power :
Oh, let us spread His name abroad,
Who is our shield and tower.

With Sumter citadel restored,
Mobile surrendered, and the sword
Of Grant and Sherman holding Lee
And Johnston in captivity,
We fancied that the war-cry's close
Had put an end to all our woes :
Alas ! the greatest was to come,
To wrap our hearts in deepest gloom.

Lord, let thy Spirit be our guide !
While, borne upon the flowing tide
Of great events, we now unroll
Things scarcely equalled in the scroll
Of fame, through all the ages past,
Since from the wide and barren waste
Of chaos order rose on earth,
And saw things goodly in their birth
Appear ; till finally in man
The story of our race began.

What wonder if a monster brood
Of passions nursed in wrath and blood,
Like slimy serpents crawl and spread
Upon our country's heart and head ?
Behold them now in dire progression,
Begot of slavery and secession :
With forkèd tongue and brazen eyes
They hiss defiance to the skies,

And earthly powers ordained to be
 The source of human sovereignty.
 Ah, how shall we, who likened Brooks
 To butcher cannibals and cooks,
 Find fitting words as strong, as smooth,
 To paint the character of Booth?
 The ruffian murderer of our chief,
 And cause of our unwonted grief!

Not in a *pallium* or a stole,
 With gems inwrought in Tyrian wool;
 Not as Adonis or Apollo,
 Whom Venus or the Muses follow,
 Young, gallant, brave, and debonair,
 With laurelled brow and shining hair,
 A bow and quiver at his back,
 Or steeped in joys symposiac,
 'Midst troops of blooming nymphs, with faces
 And figures rivalling the graces;
 Nor like Hyperion, from afar
 Resplendent in a golden car;
 Nor with a godlike gait and eye
 Of all-commanding majesty;
 But as a dweller in a sty—
 A wolf or dog infuriate—
 A toad, a vulture, or a rat,
 Inspiring fear, disgust, and hate;
 Or some foul reptile fresh from hell,
 And taught by furies to rebel;
 Or *savage*, on the stage of life,
 With bloody tomahawk and knife,
 Would we attempt and love to trace
 The outlines of the form and face—

LINES ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Nor yet exaggerate or lessen,
The guilt of this unmatched assassin.
While we our martyr fain would praise
In fitting tributary lays—
We view as sealed beyond debate
His murderer's satanic fate!

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THOU art gone to thy rest, and the nations in sadness
And grief stand aghast round thy funeral-car;
Thou hast baffled the fiendish malice and madness
Of treacherous peace-men and rebels in war.

Thou hast finished thy course—in the records of story,
No martyr's save One can outshine thy renown;
Now gone to the mansions of light and of glory,
Thy road lay like His, through the cross to the crown.

III.

As Amram's great son was by signs and by wonders
Ordained by Jehovah his people to free
From bondage, in Egypt—so likewise He sunders
The chains of the slave through our armies and thee.

IV.

From loftier heights than the Pisgah of Moses,
Thou viewest that land, to the uttermost shore,
Which God to thy spirit in vision discloses
As bought by thy blood for the homeless and poor!

BOOTH THE ASSASSIN.

I.

Down, coward! assassin! thou son of perdition!

Down, down in the lowest abysses to dwell!

Ay! tutor in murderous wrath and sedition,

The foulest and slimiest serpents of hell!

II.

E'en they, with dire hissings, forked tongues, and loud scorning,

May chance to receive thee as once their proud chief,

When first from the garden of Eden returning,

He brought them the news of our forefather's grief.*

III.

On earth or in hell, among spirits of evil,

There is not—has not been—nor could be, in sooth!

One more of a miscreant traitor and devil

Than that which lay hid in the murderer Booth!

Nor less in ruthless vengeance nursed

Was he, that other fiend accursed,

Who poured the vials of his hate

Upon our Secretary of State.

While sick and languishing in bed,

He scarce could move a hand or head.

In fury brandishing his knife,

The murderer, in the unequal strife,

Inflicted many a ghastly wound

Upon his victim more than stunned,

* See Tenth Book of Paradise Lost.

THE OTHER ASSASSINS.

Not doubting that his fate was sealed,
And all his kind attendants killed.
Killed were they not, indeed, save one—
(Perhaps)—his brave and noble son ;
But unprepared, unarmed, ungirt,
Were maimed, disabled, sorely hurt.
Ah, me ! if Booth deserved to die
In torture and in infamy,
Not less deserving death is Payne,
His rival of the race of Cain !

God grant that justice may be done
On these assassins, every one !
Mudd, Spangler, Azterodt, Surratt,
O'Loughlin, Harold, now await
The righteous sentence of the law,
Which may all future rebels awe,
Be they of high or low degree,
Engaged in this conspiracy.

THE REBEL GENERAL JOHN H. WINDER.

A WRITER whose maxim it is to say "nothing but what is good of the deceased" would find himself at his wit's end in analyzing the character of John H. Winder. There is, indeed, scarcely any one so good or so bad as his best friends or worst enemies represent him. Epitaphs, panegyrics, and obituary notices of all kinds, are proverbially truthless. Some of the most ill-tempered and ill-natured men in Church or State now living, will be, when dead,—as many of the same stamp have always been,—spoken of by their friends and partisans, as models of piety, paragons of perfection,—semi-canonized saints; while vastly better men are regarded by their enemies as prodigies of iniquity,—all, in short, vessels of election or vessels of wrath. Satan himself is not so black as his picture; neither, perhaps, was the subject of this notice. It is probable that even more than poetic justice will be done to him—if not in the sense of an apotheosis for his virtues—supposing him to have had any—yet certainly in the sense of a high exaltation among "fallen spirits"—for his alleged vices.

It was his fortune during the last few years of his life to be placed in circumstances which fully developed the worst features of his character. Winder was emphatically a small man,—not physically so, but morally, intellectually, socially, a small man, and of small repute for good words and works. Were it not for the position in which the rebellion has placed him, we should scarcely consider him worth the paper or canvas on which his portrait is sketched. Thirty years and more have elapsed since our acquaintance with Lieutenant Winder commenced. He was then about thirty-five years old, and recently married to a widow named Eagles, of Wilmington, North Carolina, with two children, nearly midway to their teens. His first wife was a Miss Shepard. Let those who knew him as a widower testify, if they choose, as to that era of his life.

A strong-built man, something over medium height, and remarkably light complexion—he was well described in the *New York Herald* as a Baltimore-looking *Rough*. In a lower

station than that which he occupied as a commissioned officer of our artillery, he would look the personification of a "Dead Rabbit" or "Plug Ugly!" Of his inner and domestic life we have little to say. He may, after his marriage, have emulated some of the virtues of Lee and Beauregard, in the relations of private life. He probably smoked and drank less than either of them. We know not in what else he could have rivalled them. He was, in religious matters, a scoffer and a sceptic of the very worst school; the most contradictory of men, and the most impatient of being himself contradicted. He was, in short, a fierce, impetuous infidel. If the weakness of one's judgment may be estimated by the strength of his prejudices, then was Winder's judgment marvellously defective. Here is an instance—a person named *Burrill* was accused of some atrocious crime; Winder at once pronounced him guilty, and, when questioned as to the *grounds* of his opinion, could give no better reason than the *man's name*. "*Burrill—Burrill—I know he is guilty. There never was an honest man of that name.*"

Like that of all nervous and irritable men, his utterance, when excited—and when was he not excited—was uncommonly rapid. He certainly had the merit of zeal and earnestness in all his opinions and actions. He was, at the time to which we refer, the oracle of as perverse a knot of village unbelievers as ever assembled on the holy Sabbath to discuss the principles of the "Age of Reason." Garrulous and voluble in no ordinary degree, he was well acquainted with the commonplaces of free-thinkers, and much given to disputation, after the fashion of their reasoning; but of Christian theology, as taught in the writings of eminent divines, he knew little or nothing. His ideals of all moral and theological excellence were Paine, Voltaire, Carlisle, and Taylor. His religion, in short, was no better than that of the wretched incendiary Kennedy. Taylor, who was then being prosecuted in London for blasphemy, was his special favorite. Taylor's defence of his principles before his judge, seemed to Winder the very perfection of truthful and talented argumentation.

With the writer of this sketch Mr. Winder was said to be less abrupt, irascible, and intolerant, than with most persons who argued with him, but this notwithstanding, no progress could be made with him. His heart and understanding were mailed with impenetrable prejudice against the truth of Christianity. In fact, he not only *hated Christianity*, but its divine Author,

and the Christian ministry of all ages and nations. Some sudden and unprovided deaths, among his brother-scoffers, seemed for a time to have alarmed him ; but he would soon get over his agitation, laugh at his terrors, and become more than ever an enemy of the "*truth as it is in Jesus.*" He was zealous in making proselytes to his creed, which was a compromise between Theism, Atheism, and Universalism. His religious views may have undergone a change since I knew him. He used to accompany his family to divine service, and was apparently, perhaps really, an attentive hearer.

But if half or even a tithe of what we hear of Winder's treatment of Union prisoners be true, he must have become more and more hardened with advancing years, and his name will be handed down to posterity, with that of the infamous Turner, as one of the most conspicuous for tyranny and cruelty in the whole history of this wicked rebellion. The nickname "Hog Winder" was given to him, we imagine, as much for his obstinacy and stubbornness, or perhaps from the color of his hair, brows, and eyelashes, as from any resemblance in his *habits* to the greediness and voracity of that animal. He was contemptuously spoken of, in Wilmington, as "Shoat Winder." As for the justice to be done to his memory by the Honorable Mr. Ely, as mentioned by a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, it is a matter altogether in abeyance, and amounts to little or nothing in view of Mr. Ely's chances, after the overthrow of the rebellion, of being able to make a generous return for any favors extended to him. The same is true of many others in Libby Prison, who had been, moreover, before the rebellion, Winder's companions in arms. What has been his treatment of the rank and file, and of others besides them, in all the prisons under his charge? Surely the fact of his having been Governor of Vera Cruz, or rather the *locum tenens* of the governor of that place, during its occupation by our army, does not add one cubit to his official station, or one whit to his moral worth. *That honor*, which was thrust upon him as a matter of convenience, for a very short time, by a truly illustrious man, neither found him nor made him a great soldier or a wise ruler.

If Winder had kept his religious principles to himself, no one would have a right to question them ; but he did not do so. He was always obtruding his views upon others, who were consequently warranted in judging of him and of them by their fruits. There are, in the army and out of it, many men like

him, who wish to get a reputation for large, enlightened, and liberal views by aping the conduct of some learned infidels, who boast of resisting the evidences of revealed truth; others there are, of the lowest order of intellect and morals, whose very feeble patronage of religion, or utter indifference to its observances, give the impression that, in their view, it is a matter of no moment whatever to the well-being of society.

The writer of these lines trusts he is as free from "the misrepresentations of ignorance or the leaven of malice" against John H. Winder as the correspondent of the *Herald* who signs himself W. H. Winder; but he does not think so highly as the latter gentleman does, of "the generosity, self-denial, liberality, and charity" of his relative. It is, indeed, a very high compliment to place his personal and professional record in the same category with those of Lee and Beauregard. If Lee or Beauregard be, or ever were, such as he was, they cannot be regarded as "blameless or exemplary;" nor can either of them, if no better than Winder, "claim the admiration of posterity as impersonations of his family motto, viz "a candid ear and a guiltless (or guileless) heart." He was candid in nothing so much as in the confession of an infidel faith; and it is a little too much to say, that he was without guilt or without guile.

S T A N Z A S

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

ANALYSIS.—Extent of her Majesty's Dominions.—Her Majesty's Character, Influence, and Power.—The Sepoy Rebellion.—The British Fleet sailing to India.—The Stars and Stripes.—Landing and Marching of Troops.—Sir John and Sir Henry Lawrence.—Sikhs.—Runjeet-Sing—Assault on Rebel Fortresses.—British Officers and Soldiers.—Havelock, Campbell, and others.—Gwalior, Lucknow.—Jessie Brown.—Nana Sahib.—Clemeney in Victory.—Pagan and Moslem Insolence chastised.—The Electric Telegraph.—Irish Recreants.—African Slavery.—Prince Albert—His Death and Character.—Queen Elizabeth, Lord Bacon—Parallel.—Slave Piracy.—Poets: Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope.—Subjects within the Author's Abilities.—Our own Campaigns.—Generals and Naval Commanders.—Grant, Sherman, Farragut, &c.—Conclusion.

I.

ILLUSTRIOUS Lady, hail ! of fairest isles,
 Of oceans, main-lands, seas unrivaled Queen !
 While half mankind thy blandly-favoring smiles
 Regard and bless* thy majesty serene,
 Thy power and glory o'er this vast terrene
 The rest admiring view, on farthest shores,
 On road, and creek, and inlet, where I ween
 Thy boundless commerce richest treasure pours,
 Behold a suppliant race thy sovereign aid implores !

* The population of the British Empire is at least two hundred millions ; its area is, in English square miles, four million one hundred and thirty-one thousand three hundred and thirty-three. Its trade and commerce considered, three-fourths of the human race, or more, are indebted to it for many of the comforts of life, while the remaining part fear or admire its power and influence.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

II.

The priceless gems which glitter on thy brow,
Arranged with all the witchery of art,
Less brightly shine than that whose radiant glow
Reflects the native lustre of thy heart ;—
To all the nations far and near impart,
Most gracious princess ! all those charms of life,
Those kindly promptings which unbidden start
To sweet accord, the mother, queen, and wife—
Poor slaves invoke thy help in straits most sad and rife !

III.

Thy treaties and alliances have made
Fast friends from foes in every foreign land,
Nor more in war than peaceful counsels weighed,
Do States thy friendly overtures withstand.
Thy flag of *freedom* we would fain expand,
Oh teach us how ! in triumph o'er the world ;
Alike in Ethiopia's barren sand
As in Britannia be its folds unfurled !
And from all tongues and tribes fell Slavery's idols hurled.

IV.

The mighty empire of the Russian Czar,
The lands of Cyrus and of Aurungzebe,
And eke Confucius, feel thy force in war ;
Nor frozen zones can clog thine astrolabe,
Nor cliff-bound coasts secure a hostile glebe
From thy invading force : the stalwart sire,
The loving mother, and the tender babe
Are victims oft, alas ! of vengeance dire,
Which justly 'whelms thy foes in floods of lurid fire.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

V.

Send now thy squadrons, slip thy dogs of war,*
Victorious queen ! nor let thy people fall
By thousands, foully murdered, wheresoe'er
The Moslem rebel riots in Bengal.
Cawnpore ! Merut ! Benares ! Delhi ! all,
With Agra, Lucknow, and Allahabad,
And regal Oude, extending to Nepaul,
The scenes of fiercer butcheries are made,
Than o'er thine empire yet have cast sepulchral shade.

VI.

From Plymouth steaming, through the Atlantic main,
Thence by those gates,† Alcides, where thy feet
Rested from toil, between the coast of Spain
And Mauritania, toward the land of Crete,
A gallant squadron from Britannia's fleet
Descry off Malta and the Rhodian Isle
Legions of brother warriors, whom they greet
With loud acclaim and kind, approving smile—
Then, bounding o'er the tide, cast anchor in the Nile.

VII.

At Alexandria disembarked, with speed
To Cairo and to Suez they advance ;
And down the gulf and on that sea proceed,

* S. R. is as well aware as the most fastidious of his critics, that there are many among the stanzas addressed to her Majesty Queen Victoria, and those written In Memoriam, not essential to the end and aim of his verses—the abolition of Slavery ; but he cannot help thinking that, as relating to incidents which have taken fast hold of his sympathies, and to persons whose characters he has ventured to portray, as interwoven with the tissue of his story, they are, how digressive soever in their nature, quite as allowable in this work as are the episodes of other authors in more popular and voluminous writings.

† The Straits of Gibraltar.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Without a single hazard or mischance,
Where Pharaoh sank with Egypt's puissance.
They steer by Mocha, turn the Gate of Tears,*
With courteous greeting hail the flag of France ;
Our stars and stripes salute with hearty cheers,
And rush o'er Indian seas with death to mutineers.

VIII.

Cambay receives them—Ind, Allahabad,
Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Becanere,
Some east, some northward rush to cannonade
The rebel crew, from Oude to bright Cashmere ;
Thus to their sinking countrymen they bear
Good tidings, while around thy cape, Good Hope,
Others in all the panoply of war
So come, that not a rebel dares to grope
Through jungle, copse, or pass with such dread foes to cope.

IX.

In at the breaches, scale the lofty wall—
Mount to their chambers, cast them headlong down—
Haste mortars, rockets, carronades, and all
The wrath of war to each insurgent town ;
Treason uproot, incarnadine, and drown
In its own blood. Of temple, tower, or street
Let not a stone remain upon a stone ;
Trample the wretch beneath your horses' feet
Who children, sisters, wives, with outrage durst entreat.

* The Straits of Babel Mandel. The reader, with a chart of the Eastern Hemisphere before him, can easily trace this supposed route of the British troops on their way to India. It was strongly recommended, I believe, by some able writers in the columns of the "London Times."

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

X.

Flung be their idols to the moles and bats—
Their castes destroyed, their traitor priests disgraced,
Their bodies left to vultures and to rats;
Their crypts, their shrines, their oracles uncased—
Their temples all made desolate and waste—
Abodes where only venomous reptiles dwell,
Foul birds seek refuge, and a den the beast—
A type of ruin, misery, and hell,
Like that which Milton sang, where rebel angels dwell.

XI.

Illustrious brothers ! warrior statesmen ! who
Have graved the name of Lawrence on our heart,*
Haste with your Sikhs and Britons brave and true
To Delhi, Lucknow. Sovereign aid impart
The villain Nana's treacherous wiles to thwart.
Since Alexander and his captains sought
The peaceful sway of Porus † to subvert,
None have, like you, such works of wisdom wrought,
Or to the Punjaub States such wholesome statutes taught.

XII.

Go raise the scattered hosts of Runjeet-Sing
From Kishengunga southward to Chacur ;
Let loyal Scinde with marching warriors ring—
Their cry of war, "The Ladies of Cawnpoor !"

* Sir John and Sir Henry Lawrence.

† It is true that Alexander, struck with the valor of Porus, added extensive territories to his former dominions: "*nox donavit ampliore regno quam antea tenuit*," says Quintus Curtius. It was nevertheless Alexander's intention, when he invaded the Punjaub, to make Porus as well as other monarchs his vassals. Hence it was that when Porus was ordered to surrender and meet Alexander on his frontier, he replied that he would certainly do the latter, but armed to resist him. "*Ut intranti regnum suum presto esset sed armatus*."

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Hail! Inglis, Tucker, Palmer, Toombs, and Orr ;
Thou gallant Edwards, Cotton, Vincent Eyre !
Brave Lugard, Penny, Lumsden, Hodson, Kerr !
Venables, Gubbins, Daly, Bartle Frère !
Expunge the murderous horde with heaven-avenging war !

XIII.

Transcendent Havelock ! generous Outram ! On,
Brave Campbell, Neill, and Nicholson, and Reid,
And Wilson, thou Britannia's favored son !
Victorious Greathead, Salkeld ! Home ! whose meed
Thy Sovereign's cross—for many a daring deed
Of arms—good Burgess and Carmichael share,
And Smith, and names unmentioned, though they bleed ;
On—on ! Still on ! Ye valiant legions hear—
God save ! God save the Queen ! Britannia's conquering cheer.

XIV.

Borne on the breeze to Lucknow's barriered tower,
Hark the loud pibroch of the valiant Gael !
And in the far horizon see the stoure
Of hurrying hosts yon traitors to assail.
Ah, you with sickness, grief, and famine pale—
Black, wounded, shriveled, gaunt, despairing, dying !
Cease now your dire condition to bewail.
Of strength what yet remains put forth in crying—
They come ! the Campbells come ! the rebel foe is flying !

XV.

Hail, noble chieftain ! in the hour of need,
With wrath and vengeance to a blood-stained town,
To save alive from horrors that exceed
Our reach of thought or language to make known,
Thy fellow-subjects. There poor Jessie Brown,

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

With hope instinct, or faith's prophetic ear,
First heard her native highlands' favorite tune—
So Brunswick heard the sounds distinct and clear
Of Waterloo, and sought a royal warrior's bier.*

XVI.

"Dinna ye hear?" the question then as now
Was asked. Ye gods! how oft the boding heart
Of woman's love and woman's plighted vow
Of more than prophecy enacts the part!
Ay, while she sleeps her spirits wakening start—
For her beloved's welfare shows her fear—
She sighs, she watches, prays, and would revert
To all her cares in every willing ear,
And in her lonely grief shed many a scalding tear.

XVII.

Gwalior, Lucknow, Jhansi, and Calpee
Of Rose and Grant the valiant deeds attest.
Thy fort Procuree † a Napier's gallantry
Has shelled and taken. Which to rank the best
Of Britain's heroes—greatest when most pressed
By numbers numberless of rebel foes,
Of every chance and vantage-ground possessed—
'Twere hard to tell, where every leader mows
A myrmidonian crop to feed the carrion crows.

XVIII.

Down with the caitiffs! down with towers and mosques—
Down with the crescent banners which unite

* The story of Jessie Brown is so like a well-known passage in "Childe Harold" (relating to the Duke of Brunswick), that one may well fancy it had its origin there. "I sleep, but my heart waketh," is a beautiful expression in the Song of Solomon. Woman alone knows its full import.

† *Procuree*. The name is taken from newspapers.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

The ruffian crew—down palaces, kiosks,
And be the Cross your standard in the fight—
Leave not a stone to chronicle their might.
Bring mortar, howitzer, bring shot and shell,
Brave bombardiers! with engines well empight;
Ingulph their bastions in a fire of hell! *
Nor let one miscreant live the dreadful tale to tell.

XIX.

But chief on devilish Nana Sahib's head,
His guards, his parks, his palace in Bithoor,
Heap direst vengeance—strew his streets with dead,
Cast forth his corse from minaret or tower,
For famished dogs or vultures to devour;
Or let him wail in torture that sad hour
When British wives and virgin daughters slain
By blood-hound butchers in his day of power,
Lay piled in death—their age and virtues vain
His rabble Moslem hordes from outrage to restrain.

XX.

Yet spare, oh spare! the helpless and the young,
Or men, or women, maidens, mothers, wives;
Nor stain the lawful vengeance of the strong
With blood of captive guiltless fugitives.
But when the hour of recompense arrives,
Let not the sabre slumber in its sheath;
Make demon cut-throats answer with their lives—
March on, victorious, to the feast of death,
Till rebel traitors sink their crumbling walls beneath.

* *Feu d'enfer.*

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

XXI.

Till from thy cape, Comorin, to Lahore,
From Burrampootra west to Kurachee,
Yea, from Herat across to Singapore,
Their shahs and sahibs bend the suppliant knee ;
Nay, farther Paynims must instructed be,
By land and sea the China coast along,
How vain is all their boasted chivalry,
If Britain's sons from Hainan or Hong-Kong
To Canton bend their way, or Pekin, through Shantong.

XXII.

In lawful vengeance and resistless force
Rise now, or never, British warriors, rise !
Speed, great Leviathan, thy gallant course
That treacherous horde of pagans to chastise ;
Of faith in treaties and your great emprise
Teach them respect. Alas ! though yours the gain
In every port of all their merchandise,
With Pekin's self and its imperial train,
'Twould scarce Britannia's loss redeem for heroes slain.*

XXIII.

With speed of thought from Ceylon to Pashawr,
Yea, through the main, from Smyrna to Japan,
Our throbbing nerves of commerce and of war
Shall mountains, seas, and trackless deserts span ;
As now from France to Constantine or Bon,
So doubtless soon upon the lightning's wing
Will Britain treat with Delhi and Moultan,
And, banded with the house of Runjeet-Sing,
To *Moslem tyrants death, to slaves deliverance bring.*

* Allusion is here made to the losses lately sustained at Peiho.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

XXIV.

Shame on those Irish recreants who now,*
With neighbors, friends, relations in Bengal,
Are sunk in moral turpitude so low
(Can human bosoms nurture so much gall ?)
That they will dare as patriots miscall
The traitor Sepoys ! Dastards who would fain
Those murders, rapes, and incests which appal
The hardest hearts excuse, can never wean
Leal Irishmen from God, their land, their glorious Queen.

XXV.

But yet not more to meet these dire alarms,
Most mighty princess, we thine aid implore,
Than that, amidst the clang of hostile arms,
Thou wouldst her sons to Africa restore ;
Yea, and confirm them there forevermore
In freedom. Ah, if now resolved to plead
Their cause, as once, in childhood, heretofore,†

* A demonstration, by a few Irishmen, of sympathy with the rebel Sepoys, after their outrage upon the wives and daughters of British subjects, and some laudatory speeches on the patriotism of the monster, Nana Sahib, have been reported in the New York papers.

† An English gentleman related, many years ago, to the writer of these stanzas, an anecdote which, if true, does equal credit to the head and heart of Queen Victoria. While reading, when a child, a passage in Cowper's Works, describing the horrors of Slavery, she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, that, if she ever came to the throne, it should be her first care and chief concern that no slave should be found in her dominions.

Has a certain *Corypheus* of the pro-slavery press, who lavishes such praise on the gentle bard of Olney, ever read his poems ? or does he, as many do besides him, curse Slavery in his heart while he prostitutes his pen to defend it ? Or is it that he has only read some new and expurgated edition of Cowper, for the use of the Southern States, with the edifying *imprimatur* of the Charleston, Knoxville, and Savannah Conventions ?

Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim :

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Thou wouldst the van of intercession lead,
No human power could long their freedom's march impede.

XXVI.

Shall commerce, science, trade, discoveries, all
The telegraphic glories of thy reign,
And States and peoples multiplied, recall
The bloodiest records of a slave campaign?
Shall boastful sons of liberty enchain
The souls and bodies of a hapless race,
Nor every nerve be strengthened to restrain
The monstrous crimes and follies which erase
God's image from the heart, and men to brutes debase?

XXVII.

As when reflected in a placid lake
We gaze undazzled on the mid-day sun,
So at this distance, loveliest Queen, we take
More softened views of thee upon thy throne,
Nor value less the glory thou hast won,
Thy gift of tongues, thy dignity and grace:
The murderous rebel Islamite cast down,
Corruption, faction banished from thy face!
Be freedom now thy meed to Afric's sable race.

* * * *

Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.
Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there One who reigns on high?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from His throne, the sky?
But slaves that once conceive the glowing thought
Of *freedom*, in that thought itself possess
All that the contest calls for: spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger and united hearts—
The surest presage of the good they seek.—*Cowper's Task.*

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

XXVIII.

Thou, sovereign Lady, seated on thy throne
Or in the stilly solitude of night,
Hast often felt, like humble Jessie Brown,
A weary heart, a saddening spirit's blight;
Nor strange thou shouldst, when he thy heart's delight,
In the full prime of intellect and years,
By Heaven's decree, and in thy soul's affright,
Left thee to strive, in sorrow and in tears,
With all a widow's griefs—a mighty empire's cares!

XXIX.

His gallant bearing and his royal name,
His knowledge, wisdom, genius, worth combined;
His noble courtesy, his rank and fame,
Won every heart to generous deeds inclined.
How brave, how true, how good, how loving, kind,
As father, husband, friend, and guide, was he!
Yet, gracious Lady! must thou be resigned,
And, through thy faith, in this bereavement see
A Heavenly Father's hand, though wrapt in mystery!

XXX.

Not thine alone this loss: an empire mourns
The father, husband, prince, and people's friend.
Busts, temples, statues, monumental urns
Throughout the land his deathless acts commend.
Science, and Art, and Learning all contend
With Agriculture in that mighty dome
Reared by his voice, and sympathizing send
To thee those angel heralds from the tomb—
The prayers of Christian hearts—to dissipate thy gloom.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

XXXI.

Not great Eliza should with thee compare,
Nor Bacon's courtly tributes equal mine,*
Mine which, alas! are lost on desert air—
My lute a reed, my wreath a withered vine.
Ay, *more than praise*, my *prayers* for thee and thine
Would pierce the clouds, such power to faith is given!
And in accord with myriad spirits join,
If Africa, her chains of slavery riven,
Thy heritage, great Queen, were recognized of Heaven.

XXXII.

Then should the pirates of the Spanish main,
Cuba, Brazil, and our Atlantic coast,
From Madawaska to Sebastian,
Of human cargoes cease to make their boast.
The paddle, mallet, chisel, whipping-post,
The clanking fetters of a negro-chain,
The savage horrors of a holocaust,†
With us, as in thine empire, ne'er again
The eyes and ears should shock of angels or of men!

* For the beauty and graces of her person, what colors are fine enough for such a description but the chastest and royaldest?

Of her gait—*Et vera incessu patuit dea.*

Of her voice—*Nec vox hominem sonat.*

Of her eyes—*Et lætos oculis afflavit honores.*

Of her color—*Indumque sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro si quis ebur.*

Of her neck—*Et rosea cervice refulsit.*

Of her breast—*Veste sinus collecta fluentes.*

Of her hair—*Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem spiravere.*

S. R. would have, in the great Lord Chancellor, a rival not easily surpassed or equaled in classical and courtly compliments.

† The number of negroes burnt at the stake, or otherwise put to death by Lynch law, in the Southern States, is incredible.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

XXXIII.

Immortal Bard of Avon ! could thy song,
Or, sweetest Spenser, thine, our soul inspire,
Or Dryden's spirit sweep our chords along,
Or Pope's melodious numbers tune our lyre,
All, all and more to thee should we desire
To consecrate, whom now, Britannia's Queen,
A mightier host of tongues and tribes admire,
Honor, obey, revere, and love, I ween,
Than monarch ever yet has ruled, or known, or seen.

XXXIV.

But better suits our rusticated muse
To sing of forests, rocks, and boundless plains,
And savage men and beasts and scenic views,
And wars o'er nature's wild and rude domains,
Or of our own most perilous campaigns,
Or of our naval exploits on the wave
(Such themes may yet evoke our dormant strains),
Than queens and lords and courts where beauty reigns
With regal state. Our task be now to grave
On every feeling heart the ransom of the slave.

XXXV.

We have, alas ! our Bobadils and Pims,
Who more affect the pommel than the rein—
Men of caprices, littlenesses, whims,
Rude, brutal, fierce, implacable and vain,
Their idol, rank ; authority their bane.
In sword and sash and plumes and colors gay,
Dice, harlots, drink, and oaths and boasts profane.
Their valor lies—all stubble, wood, and hay,
When courage, strength, and skill must end a doubtful day.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

XXXVI.

And, Heaven be thanked ! we want not men of worth,
Frank, gallant, loyal, generous, and sincere,
Whose noble deeds, like Sidney's, grace their birth ;
Whose genius fits them or for peace or war,
For land or sea—who scorn the vulgar ear
By acts which truth and conscience must condemn ;
Who dare the faith of treaties to revere—
Alike prepared, or with the sword or pen,
Their country's cause to serve as Christian gentlemen.

* * * * *

XXXVII.

Hail, Sherman, Thomas, Farragut, and Grant !
In conquest speeding ever more and more,
While with rebellion grappling to replant
Our Union flag in beauty, as before,
On every mast, and citadel, and tower.
Brave Porter, Sheridan, Kilpatrick, hail !
In triumph moving on from shore to shore,
Till not a foe is found in hill or dale,
In inlet, strait, or gulf, your forces to assail !

XXXVIII.

Nor more to warriors than to those is due
Who have, as able statesmen, loved to trace—
With wrath and obloquy to thwart their view—
The dawn of freedom to a hapless race.
Hail, Seward, Sumner, Greeley, Smith, and Chase !
Hail all who *have*, with influence benign,
So helped the curse of Slavery to efface,
That it can never lift its head again—
Hail thou, above the rest, good Lincoln, chief of men !

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

XXXIX.

As now the sun upon these humble rhymes

 In orient splendor sheds the light of day,

So grant, Almighty Father, in our times

 Thy light divine to shine on Africa.

From Algiers streaming, south to Algoa Bay,

 From Guard-a-fui westward to Cape Verde,

Send all *around* and *through* its glorious ray.

 In every spot, ah may its truth be heard

From apostolic men deservedly revered!

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ALEXANDER THE SECOND,
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

*By his Majesty's sincere Admirer, SENNOIA RUBEK, Citizen of the United
States of America.*

ANALYSIS.—Extent of the Russian Empire.—Emancipation of Serfs.—His Imperial Majesty's great Reforms.—His friendly Feelings towards the United States.—The Russian Squadron lately in our Harbor.—Lisovski.—His Imperial Majesty's disaffected Subjects not encouraged by Sympathy in this Country.—Demagogues among ourselves.—Innisfail.—Russian and American Flags embracing.

I.

IMPERIAL CÆSAR! wielding sovereign sway
From Warsaw's ramparts to the Ural chain,
And from the Taurick Cherson far away
Where Megeroë meets the Arctic main—
Thou whom half Europe's tribes and tongues are fain
To own, with Asia paramount in power;
From Euxine waters to Sagalien—
From Azoff to the banks of the Amoor,
Or where Kamtschatka's waves rush thundering to the shore.

II.

Thy serfs made free, thy nobles' pride restrained,
Thyself a model chieftain, statesman, prince,

TO ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA.

Thy people's homage and affection gained,
Truth, wisdom, piety, intelligence,
Spreading afar their hallowed influence,
All mark an era in the march of time
And progress, which must all men needs convince
That human bondage, soon, in every clime
Must yield before a train of forces so sublime!

III.

Proceed and prosper, mighty prince! till all
Thy vast dominions feel the glowing light
Of truth and freedom, till the shadows fall
From lids now shrouded with the veil of night;
Till all without be glorious in thy sight,
And all within be peace, a heavenly ray
From Him, the Truth, the Wisdom, pure and bright,
The Sun of Righteousness, the Life, the Way—
Who keeps for thee a crown not subject to decay.

IV.

Illustrious friend of these our sovereign States
Now rent asunder by a rebel foe,
Thy generous heart, in our disastrous straits,
Would fain its warmest sympathies bestow—
Nor dost thou suffer traitorous tongues to sow
Distrust and jealousy throughout thy land
Of those who by their every action show
How well they prize, how clearly understand,
In all thy vast reforms a sovereign master-hand.

* * * * *

V.

Thy noble envoy visiting our coast,
The brave Lisovski, with his gallant fleet,

TO ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA.

And other loyal chiefs, it is our boast
In every town and citadel and street,
With loud acclaim to honor and to greet—
Contending all, in generous courtesies,
Thy praise in glowing language to repeat,
As Prince of Peace, great Chieftain of the Free,
Best Friend of all Mankind, the Scourge of Slavery!

VI.

E'en thou, great prince, despite thy righteous sway,
Among thy subjects oft art doomed to hear
Of discontent and clamor, which bewray
In rebel hearts a pestilential fear
Of sober rule and discipline severe.
But, ah! how meet, to check the march of crimes,
In such as labor through their mad career
Regardless of the pressure of the times,
To worship some false god, the idol of their dreams.

VII.

Who leave their country for their country's good—
A horde of traitors, patriots misnamed—
And raise the cry of vengeance and of blood
In this our land for freedom justly famed,
Are not by us encouraged or inflamed
Against their former rulers, or empowered
To raise seditious factions, but disclaimed—
Nay, by our loyal citizens abhorred
As men deserving death, coercive by the sword!

VIII.

'Tis true, we have our demagogues, who play
A double game with ignorance and vice—

Cajole with flattering tongue, and then betray
Their victims, purchased at too cheap a price—
Men fit for murders, arsons, mutinies,
From foreign States, but chief that gem of Isles,
Poor Innisfail! Ah me! their boasting lies
Against Britannia cause but scornful smiles,
Or only on themselves draw down unnumbered ills.

IX.

Thy ships of war now anchored in our ports
We hail as angel messengers of peace.
From all our masts and battlements and forts
Thy flag and ours, in rivalry of grace,
As though, instinct with life, they would embrace,
Ascend, expand, and float and sink to rest,
Like sportive eagles in the realms of space.
Ah! may our States, great prince, North, South, and East
and West,
In friendship, joy, and peace be thus supremely blest!

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY NAPOLEON THE THIRD,
ON SLAVERY, FREEDOM, AND ITALIAN NATIONALITY.

BY SENNOIA RUBEK,

A Citizen of the United States of North America.

ANALYSIS.—France as it was and as it is.—The Emperor's Genius and great Name.—His Scheme of Negro Labor in the French Colonies.—War with Austria.—Italian Nationality.—Garibaldi.—The Quadrilateral Cities taken.—Solferino, Palestro, Magenta.—March of Freedom through Italy.—Naples, Venice, Palermo.—The Mincio.—Virgil.—Carthage.—Prayer for Negro Emancipation.—Conclusion.

I.

AND thou whose France, once bounded by the Rhine,
The Alps, the ocean, Pyrenean heights,
Is still in arts, in arms, and discipline
Among the first of European States ;
From Provence stretching north to Dover's Straits,
From Strasburg westward to the port of Brest,
With Algiers now made subject, which creates
Itself a wide dominion, and the best
To check the trade in slaves, degrading east and west.

II.

Thy wisdom, genius, wealth, and power and fame,
And favoring fortune ever standing near—

TO NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

And, more than all, thy great, immortal name—
Will seem to sanction every buccaneer
Who of that fatal policy may hear,
Of thy colonial system, to enslave, .
In guise of names deluding to the ear,
The hapless negro rushing to his grave,
His neck from cruel yokes now impotent to save.

III.

Say, has thy wisdom failed, for once, to scan
In this apprenticeship the nameless woes
To weaker tribes resulting from a plan
Which to the strong their weakness must expose?
Ah! is it then unknown to thee that man,
When once invested thus with sovereign power,
Will o'er his fellows, struggling now in vain
Against oppression, in some fatal hour
Their necks to bondage fit as slaves forevermore?

IV.

Not meanly thus we think of thee, O France.
For freedom ever struggling, though withstood.
Thy love of freedom, wisdom, common sense,
Will prompt thy pity for the low and rude,
By whom its blessings in their plenitude
Can never be sufficiently esteemed
But by experience of the boundless good
Enjoyed by those from slavery redeemed,
And as the sons of God by freedom's rights proclaimed!

V.

Shall all the blood at Malegnano shed,
On Montebello or Palæstro's plain—

TO NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

Magenta, thine ! incarnate with the dead,
And Solferino's yet unnumbered slain,
For Italy and freedom be in vain ?
Shall Venice, Lombardy, and Parma yield ?
Modena, Milan, Tuscany again
Renounce their hopes from many a well-fought field,
And Villa-Franca's peace the Austrian despot shield ?

VI.

Shall Garibaldi and his conquering band,
The Papal States, Sardinia's gallant king,
And Valtellina's sturdy sons demand
In vain the charters which from freedom spring ?
Shall peace enforced no franchise titles bring ?
Yea, now to ransomed Italy restored,
Their hills and valleys with its echoes ring,
Piedmont, France, Sardinia, sheathe the sword,
And Venice with free States unites in free accord.

VII.

Verona, Mantua, Legnago, still
With Peschiera, thy proud banners wave,
Imperial house of Hapsburg ! but thy will
To rule as tyrants rule would be to rave.
Ungrateful sons of Italy ! who gave
Your nationality a heart ? whose might
And skill and valor could your country save,
Your hopes revive, your freedom's battles fight ?
Who but Napoleon win your every civic right ?

VIII.

Pizzeghione and Brescello yours,
And Rocca d'Anfo and Ferrara's mounds,
Placenza's moats, Ancona's barriered towers,
And yours the faith well based on hallowed grounds,

TO NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

Hearths, altars, sires, wives, children, native bounds.
Shame then be yours, if now, with favoring chance,
A vanquished foe your policy confounds—
If, though unaided by the power of France,
You cease to prosper, speed, triumphantly advance !

IX.

March, Freedom, onward through the land of song,
Of wisdom, genius, eloquence, and arms,
Those hills and vales and classic scenes among,
Whose echoes wake, whose fame the spirit warms—
March from the Rhaetian Alps, o'er Sabine farms,
From Genoa's gulf to Jura's lofty height,
Thence where Venetia sits in all her charms,
A queen of beauty still, as once of might—
Yea, next to sovereign Rome in glorious memories dight.

X.

On to Palermo ! on, ye gallant few
With hearts devoted to your country's cause.
Rise, vassals ! rise, your tyrants to subdue—
The world your triumph greets with loud applause—
Messina yields, Neapolis withdraws
From conflicts vain ; the shrine of Virgil's tomb
Echoes the cry—for liberty and laws—
Of Garibaldi, with his legions come
As guardian spirits sent to save declining Rome.

XI.

Thence o'er Romagna march in guiltless pride,
Illustrious chief ! Hark ! Pisa, Florence call,
Modena, Milan, Parma, open wide
Their gates to keep thy glorious festival

Of civic rights in many a regal hall.

In *right divine* those rulers who confide,
And those who would their subjects dare enthrall,
Or trust in aught save justice, truth, and fear
Of all misrule, foresee a day of reckoning near.

XII.

The Mincio hails thee from its reedy banks,
Where youthful Maro tuned his rural lay,
Ticino, Po, Trebia, where the ranks
Of Rome's great warriors met in fierce array
The hosts of Carthage, on that dreadful day
When slaughtered myriads on the ensanguined plain
Of Cannæ slept, or Thrasymene's bay ;—
Still Rome was free, the living, like the slain,
Preferring death in arms to *slavery's cursèd chain*.

XIII.

Would that our rulers now in heart and hand,
With France and thee and England's gracious Queen,
May stay the curse that desecrates our land,
The trade in souls, the direst curse I ween,
The sin of sins, the essence of things mean—
The crime of crimes which men most monstrous call,
Most cruel, sensual, devilish, and unclean—
Of all misdeeds the deadliest since the fall—
The body, spirit, soul, pith, power, and sum of all !

STANZAS IN MEMORIAM.

Intra bis denos te ostendit et abstulit annos
Parca ferox; votis insidiata meis,
Nec potuit probitas, nec amæni gratia vultus
Flectere, non ætas nec pia turba
Deam. *Samazarius.*

I.

As o'er the stilly bosom of a lake
When flitting clouds obscure the noontide ray,
Successive shades and sunny lightnings take
Their rapid course, so pass our lives away—
Alternate joy and grief so tinge our day,
So ever-varying change and chance appear,
Happy if while as pilgrims here we stay
To soothe our pain some faithful friend be near,
Or parents fond remain to comfort and to cheer.

II.

We had a child. Her dulcet name was thine,
Victoria! She was lovely to behold,
Mild, gentle, patient, spotless—in her cyne
Shone pity pure as e'er by mortal mould
Reflected was from Heaven. Alas! I'm old,
Sad, weary, waste, and desolate. My tears
Fast flow for her, in death so stark and cold,

IN MEMORIAM.

My joy in grief, sweet solace in my cares—
Yet cherish I the wish which most endears
Her memory to my heart,
That I to ransom slaves devote my future years.

III.

Ah! she to them was ever good and kind,
Though born where bondage daily feels the lash ;*
Not slow to hear, or politicly blind
To aught that was or truculent or rash :
Voices and thongs and hands upraised to gash,
And imprecations angry, loud, and wild,
And eyes enkindled with demoniac flash,
And lips with oaths and blasphemies defiled,
Were soothèd oft and calmed by that most holy child.

IV.

Peace to her spirit! sent to us awhile
To point the pure and perfect way to heaven,
While in her shroud a sweet seraphic smile
Illumed her face: in life to her was given
To see before her into darkness driven
Wrath, envy, malice, guile, as from a sight
Too pure for aught debased, with doleful steven—
So birds of evil omen shun the light,
And fly confused, and seek the thickest shades of night.

V.

She had a mother, brother, sisters twain,
Whose darling names were ever on her tongue,
And friends belovèd, tender and humane,
To whom with yearning memory she clung ;

* South Carolina.

IN MEMORIAM.

But more than all that phantasy which swung
Her mother's image in her vision's light,
When raging fever countless shadows flung
Athwart her soul to dazzle or benight,
Was to remembrance dear, and ever in her sight.

VI.

Yes, thou, sweet child, hast felt a mother's love,
A father's sympathy, a sister's care,
To soothe thy pangs of agony, and move
Thy soul for happier regions to prepare ;
They 'dew thy pillow with affection's tear—
Around thy couch with measured footsteps glide,
Or, hushed in silence, bow the listening ear,
To learn thy wants, their bitter grief to hide—
But thou to heaven hast fled, their darling and their pride.

VII.

Ay, spotless spirit, thou hast winged thy flight
From pain and sorrow to that blessed abode
"Where seraphs gather ever new delight
On life's fair tree fast by the throne of God!"
From every people, nation, tribe, and blood,
With white-robed virgins there new anthems raise—
Anthems by virgins only understood—*
Compose the noblest coronals of praise ;
Not e'en archangel choirs chant forth more hallowed lays.

VIII.

God bless my father and my mother dear,
Friends, brother, sisters, relatives and foes—
Foes had she none, but in her childhood's prayer
Was, that she *might* have, taught to presuppose—

* Rev. xiv. 3, 4.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thy grace, O Lord, thy guardian grace to those,
To all extend : she cried, Thy suppliant keep
From coming evils, which may interpose
To scathe my spirit, waking or asleep—
O, Saviour ! guide thy child through waves, dark, drear, and
deep.

IX.

Chiefly she prayed for what the Lord has taught—
Blessing and praise and worship as in heaven,
Divine deliverance by obedience wrought,
Daily support, the hope to be forgiven,
As we to others freely shall have striven
Pardon to grant, through Him who died for all ;
Such faith and hope and love, devoid of leaven,
No pains subdue, no changes could befall,
Nor fear of death or hell or judgment could appal.

X.

Say, dearest father, where the willows grow ?
She sighed, as one who felt she soon must die—
The pure alone by faith are taught to know
The solemn seal of immortality.
The willow shall our elegy supply,
My child ! its branches shall thy grave o'erspread ;
The cedar, cypress, and the yew shall vie
In branching honors o'er thy precious head,
And their united dews depict the tears we shed.

XI.

Hast thou been musing of " poor Barbara's " fate,*
The willow, streamlet, sycamore, and stones,
Which, more relenting than her faithless mate,
Record her tears and murmur to her moans ?

* See Othello, Act IV., Scene 3.

IN MEMORIAM.

Or of Ophelia, as with sweetest tones *
She made of willows pendent o'er the brook,
A more enduring monument than thrones,
When, dight with garland trophies, she mistook
Her foothold, and a life of weariness forsook?

XII.

Ay, dearest love, thy father in his rhyme
The mighty Queen of Britain will implore
To check anew that most atrocious crime
That ever festered at a nation's core—
The *crime of Slavery*—cursed as heretofore,
As now and always, in each Christian heart.
On every mainland, sea, and island shore,
Invoke we all the nations to impart
Their help, this trade in souls forever to subvert.

XIII.

Thou hadst a friend, and she was like to thee,
And yet unlike—a mother and a wife,
In love and faith and angel purity,
In grace and comeliness, in death and life,
In form and spirit perfect, past belief,
Perhaps example—save of one—ay, weep!
Sire, children, husband, friends, in bitter grief
For her sad loss. When saints their vigils keep,
She, too, will plead for slaves with supplication deep.

XIV.

Supremely pure and sinless thus within,
All radiance, lustre, gloriousness without,
Soft, tender, tranquil, cheerfully serene,
A rainbow glory circling her about,

* Hamlet, Act IV., Scene 7.

IN MEMORIAM.

The dying child saw Yemil ; * hark, that shout !
A host of angels more than fancy hears
Their sister-spirit greeting, who can doubt,
To those blest mansions where nor anxious fears
Nor sorrows dwell, nor death nor sighs nor bitter tears ?

xv.

And if who reach that ever-blest abode,
Where death and care and pain no entrance find,
Can, with their thoughts of happiness and God,
Remember those in suffering left behind,
Through her and thee, my child, so pure and kind,
Both ministering angels, may these verses prove,
That Milly and her Oderick be joined
In freedom now, as they were once in love,
And this fresh source of joy enhance the joys above.

* *Yemil*. This name is an anagram, and refers to one of the daughters of an old and honored officer of high rank in the army. She was the late wife of the distinguished Chief of Artillery in the Army of the Potomac. She was one of the loveliest of human beings—in mind and person all that is most beautiful in woman. Rude, profane, and boisterous men of the West, calling officially upon her husband, were awed into reverential silence by her presence. They seemed to feel that the ground upon which they trod was holy ground, and the whole atmosphere pervaded by spirits of angelic purity.

ADDITIONAL STANZAS

IN MEMORIAM.

Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shafts flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain.*

Young.

Thou turnest man to destruction: again thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men.—*Psalm xc. 3.*

I.

THOU, too, art gone, my noble, generous boy!
The howling tempest chants thy funeral dirge:
The crashing trees, the shores, the hills reply
In echoing murmurs to the mountain surge
Which shrouds thy corse. Aerial powers! why urge
Against that fragile craft such fearful might?
Ah, why pursue unto the utmost verge
Of wrath three youths so promising and bright—
Their parents' fondest hope and ever dear delight?

II.

With Cincinnatus added to thy name
To mark the lovely city of thy birth,

* It will be remembered by many living in New Orleans at the time, that three young men, whose boat was capsized in a gale, were drowned in Lake Pontchartrain, 23d of May, 1858.

IN MEMORIAM.

We hoped, as parents ever hope, thy fame,
With less admixture of the mould of earth,
Would scarcely fail to emulate the worth
Of that great man ;—nay, more, that thou wouldst be
With all the Roman virtue that shone forth
In him so brightly—with that freedom free,
Which wanting, sovereign Rome was sunk in slavery.

III.

O, Edmund ! Edmund ! thy afflicted sire
Has looked to thy continuance of a name
Which might awake the echoes of his lyre,
To sing a gifted kinsman's hallowed fame,
And thus his own deficiencies disclaim
Or hide ; but thou, my son, art gone before
That ought'st remain, if we may without blame
So say, who now thy hapless lot deplore,
With tempest-broken hearts, like galleys cast ashore.

IV.

Enough ! be hushed these rebel thoughts of heart !
All is ordained by Heaven's supreme decree—
Controlling evil, and in whole or part
Educing good from human misery.
Lost is my son ! O, Henderson, with thee,
His other self, as faithful, kind, and true—
Both model friends, in filial piety
By none surpassed, and equaled but by few,
As brother twins in life, in death united too.

V.

Thy horse, thy dog, thy jocund laugh, thy store
Of manly spoils returning from the plain,

IN MEMORIAM.

The woods, the lakes, the river's sounding shore,
Shall never cheer thy parents' hearts again.
In rural sports and rural peace we fain
Would have thee pass thy residue of days,
But commerce, cities, and the tempting train
Of their enjoyments, in the whirling maze
Of life's exciting scenes, had lured thy youthful ways.

VI.

An expert swimmer, and with brawny arms
Well used to steer, and with a rapid aim ;
To trim thy sails, to row, and in alarm
Quick to discern the point whence peril came—
Yet now were vain thy guiding skill and fame—
Waves mountain high, thy skiff so slight and frail
Was swamped, upset, and lost—thy manly frame,
We know not how encumbered, in the gale,
Two furlongs from the main, could nothing now avail !

VII.

This watch, too sad memorial of thy doom !
Records the moment when the vital breath
Forsook thy heart to wing its progress home
From scenes of sorrow, bitterness, and death,
To lands where love and hope and joy and faith
Dwell evermore for those who, struggling here
With sinful natures, seek a glorious wreath
From Him whose more than saving grace is near
To help their unbelief and hear their humble prayer.

VIII.

These, too, the *garbs* which wrapped thy manly limbs,
And this thy *gun*, companion of the chase.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thy *hair* ! ah, what more dear to memory ! dims
Our eyes with tears, our hearts with wild amaze.
Gone, gone, my son ! How marvelous thy ways,
Almighty God ! Ay, gone, forever gone,
In all thy vigor, in thy prime of days,
With him thy friend, thy brother, Henderson.
On us still suffering here, look, Lord, with pity, down.

IX.

Farewell, brave youth ! thy mother's tender joy,
Thy sister's comfort and thy father's care.
No slaves of thine shall wearied hours employ,
No captive exile sigh in ceaseless prayer
For freedom's boon ; if one still cry to spare
His feet from gyves, our muse shall set him free.
Once thine, he never as a prisoner
Of hope henceforward shall regarded be,
But as the mountain air have chartered liberty.

X.

The holy wish shall consecrate thy grave,
That with thy sister, buried side by side,
Thy body, loved one, rescued from the wave,
May till the judgment peacefully abide ;
Beyond that mighty flood whose healing tide
In crystal waters rolls toward the sea,
The sea of life, behold the cross ! thy guide,
Thy flag, thy pennon, ever more to be
A Saviour's pledge of love, life, light, eternity !

XI.

The soul that's wedded to immortal verse,
On sacred themes by inspiration given,
Indites but that which angels might rehearse
In choral strains before the throne of Heaven ;

IN MEMORIAM.

Yea, and unmixed with perishable leaven,
Such verse than brass or gold or Parian stone
Is more enduring. Into chaos driven,
When sea and land and stars and sun and moon
Dissolve, it shall have reached it highest, brightest noon.

XII.

Come ye who breathe an atmosphere of sighs
And tears and wrongs and pains and trials sore,
Behold, through faith, those mansions in the skies
Where joy and peace abide forevermore.
Such joy *our child* and *Yemil*, at death's door,
Have seen, and John and Milton sang aloud,
While rainbow glories o'er the emerald floor
Of heaven's bright arch poured forth their crystal flood,
And angels tuned their harps, and saints of every tribe and blood.

XIII.

And ye, our daughters twain, still left behind
To soothe the anguish of your parents' hearts,
With gallant husbands fearlessly inclined
In freedom's cause to act distinguished parts,
Ah, suffer not the subtleties and arts
Of freedom's foes to make your children be
Subjected to an influence which imparts
To infant minds the soul's worst leprosy—
The foul, infernal taint of human slavery.

XIV.

Nor let these rhymes, which now, in his old age,
Your sire bequeaths an offering to his race,
How much soever they excite the rage
Of some, by you be reckoned a disgrace.
Nay, rather far delight in them to trace

IN MEMORIAM.

A gift transcending titles, land, and gold,
And priceless brilliants which the person grace,
Or aught which may be lost or bought or sold,
Or subject to decay by moth or rust or mould !

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

I.

WHY may we not, sweet Prince, thy coming greet
With civic honors worthy such a guest,
And eke to glad thy royal parents meet
As by our great and sovereign States expressed
For England's youthful heir? Let East and West,
Celt, Teuton, Norman, Pict, with unbought grace,
Like native free Americans attest
Thy worth, Victoria's son, of Brunswick's kingly race.

II.

Why should we rather honor Japanese
Than thee, the future monarch of a state
To which we trace our glorious genesis,
Our sum of all that is or good or great?
Thy sacred annals, Albion, consecrate
Our freedom, courage, industry, and power;
Thy Christian truths our souls emancipate
From thrall, and prove our panoply and tower—
A rock of safe defence, forever to endure.

III.

Yet go untrammelled in thy blooming prime,
Men's customs, habits, manners to survey,

TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Illustrious youth ! from every realm and clime
With wholesome laws thy people's heart to sway.
So Solon and Pythagoras, away
From home restraints, and so Lycurgus sought—
So the great czar and Alfred won their way
To empire, each a royal patriot—
And so mayst thou, loved prince, to know mankind be taught.

IV.

First of thy house to visit *thus* our lond,*
Son of Victoria, of auspicious name,
The glory hers and thine to seal the bond
Which binds our nations in one common fame.
Thy sages, England, and thy bards we claim,
Thy wealth, thy glory, and thy wide domain,
Thy statesmen, heroes, conquests are our theme—
Thy language, trade, and commerce all pertain
To us, who know, like thee, and dare our rights maintain.

V.

And thine, as ours, this land by freemen won,
Our arts and sciences ; no more estranged,
Thine the great spirit of our Washington—
His whilom foes to peaceful rivals changed,
Now side by side as kindred nations ranged,
Behold we Europe's states in threatening force
On despots rising, leagued to be avenged,
While we pursue the tenor of our course,
And, *free ourselves*, would fain their every right indorse.

VI.

If thou, returning to thy home again,
Belovèd prince, all nations couldst induce

* *Lond.* Always thus written in the Spenserian stanza.

To sunder that most execrable chain

That galls poor Afric in her bondage-house—

Ah ! if thou couldst arrest this foul abuse,

The horrid trade in human flesh and blood,
Scarce more degrading to the slave than us,

As Christian freemen, worshippers of God,

No prince than thou e'er wrought for man more lasting good.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE UNION COMMISSION,

BY THEIR

FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT, SENNOIA RUBEK.

I.

THERE is an echo in the heart,
A chord, which never touched in vain,
EVOkes our yearnings to impart
A sovereign balm for every pain.

II.

TO seek the halt, the maimed, the blind,
The hungry and the houseless poor,
AND for the weary wanderer find
A safe retreat, an open door.

III.

PROceed, most loyal men and brave,
AND triumph in a righteous cause
THE sad to cheer, and those to save
WHO spurn divine and human laws.

IV.

SURvey, as though already yours,
The shining garlands which await
ON those who consecrate their powers
TO help the faint and desolate.

TO THE UNION COMMISSION.

V.

Not prone to scan with craven fear
The malice of the godless few
Who would with ribald jest and sneer
The labors of your love undo.

VI.

Help every coming refugee,
Or Union friend or (late) a foe,
Who needs your generous sympathy,
An exiled, houseless child of woe.

VII.

Thus heaping on the guilty head
Bright flames of fire to light the soul,
To wake from sleep the living dead,
And win the atheist and the fool !

VIII.

Behold the spring is nigh at hand—
Oh give, that they no longer roam,
To each a freehold spot of land,
A lowly cottage for a home.

IX.

Nor for those gifts on them bestowed,
Nor all the good in duty done,
Claim any recompense of God,
As though the merit were thine own.

X.

Thou only, Lord, canst fill the soul
With Christian faith and hope and love ;
Oh send, our plans to overrule,
Thy Holy Spirit from above.

JAMES McH.,

AN AGENT AND OVERSEER ON THE PLANTATION OF MR. DOUGLAS.

I.

FEW men like McH——n, can rig out and batten
A slave for the parlor or stews,
Or polish or grease or conceal a disease,
A scab or a scar or a bruise ;
A *coiffeur* the best, as we all can attest
Who know him, of slaves sold at auctions,
While those who keep station upon his plantation
Are *Know Nothings* touching decoctions.

II.

His system of drill, penitentiary skill
And discipline nothing abating,
Cold porridge and tripe, cruel use of the whip,
All prove him both hateful and hating.
If trial by jury result from his fury
In pistolling, lashing, and tearing,
He counts on his bribes, through his tools and his scribes,
To save him by dint of hard swearing.

III.

With such a pickeer for thy slaves' overseer,
Whose god he declares his right hand is,*

* *Dextra mihi deus et telum quod missile libro
Nunc adsint!*

was the boastful prayer of Mezentius, called by Virgil a despiser of the gods (*con-*

We envy thee not, Little Giant, a jot,
Nor him who thy squire to command is.

temptor divum). One might imagine the great poet was describing a Southern slave-overseer, with his idols, the paddle and cowhide. Similar in most respects to those of the blasphemers referred to were the personal character and theological tenets of that great Egyptian overseer, Pharaoh. When entreated, in the name of the Lord, to let the Israelites go, he replied: "I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go. Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, let the people from their work? Get ye unto your burdens!"

The charge brought against the two Hebrew Abolitionists by this atheistical despot, was precisely that which is now urged by our petty Southern despots against Christian Abolitionists. And Pharaoh said: "Behold the people are many, and ye make them rest from their burdens." The slaves of Kentucky and Virginia, we are told, might have been emancipated years ago if it had not been for the agitation by Northern fanatics of the slavery question. This it is, it was added, which makes Southern slave-masters increase, like Pharaoh, the burdens and sorrows of their slaves, and renders their manumission more hopeless than ever.

Possibly, too, our Southern bondmen may blame, in some instances, their very best friends, as the Israelites did Moses and Aaron, saying: "The Lord look upon you and judge, because ye have made our savor to be abhorred in the sight of Pharaoh and in the eyes of his servants, to put a sword in their hands to slay us." Moses and Aaron went on, nevertheless, agitating, till the Lord delivered them out of the house of bondage with a mighty hand and with an outstretched arm.

"In one of the Ten Commandments," says Mr. Bledsoe, "this right of property is recognized." He is speaking of the right of property in human beings—slaves. He then cites the Tenth Commandment, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's." Married ladies in general must feel under great obligations to Mr. Bledsoe, for placing them in the same chattel category with his ox and his ass.

Mr. Hammond, like Mr. Bledsoe, makes use of this very argument in support of the peculiar institution, but, with moral and theological olfactories of keener sensibility, smells a rat in its application. We commend it as a text for Governor Alston in his preaching upon African slave piracy. It is admirably adapted as a motto for kidnappers setting out to the gold, ivory, and grain coasts with the gospel of the Charleston Convention.

Mr. Bledsoe, in proving too much, proves nothing. His dogmatic and moral theology are quite as defective as his logic. We regret being compelled to express an opinion so unfavorable of one who presumes to sit in judgment upon Locke, Paley, and Wayland. It did not suit Mr. Bledsoe's purpose to cite the introduction to all the commandments: "The same which God spake in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, saying, I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the

SENATOR CRITTENDEN.*

AND Crittenden, thou, with juridical brow,
A diamond, though rough, of rare value,
A Marshall in light and a Story in might,
Forensic or legal, say shall you
Your slavery views still defend and diffuse,
With Know Nothings check immigration,
And side with one Prentice, whose double-nosed scent is
Self, pelf—not the good of the nation?

SIMMS, HAMMOND, AND OTHERS.

SIMMS,† Hammond, and Harper, and Bledsoe, poor carper!
And Lewis, and Freeman, and Dew,
And other such writers and plausible citers
Of scriptural texts not a few,

land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." That this will be at no very remote period as applicable to the poor black slave in the Delta of the Mississippi as to the Hebrew bondman in the Delta of the Nile, we are no more permitted to doubt of, than we are permitted to doubt of any other truth in the Bible.

* This able and venerable senator has few greater admirers than the author of these rhymes, who may, however, be permitted to regard him as a remarkable and lamentable instance of the deceiving spirit of party.

† W. G. Simms, Esquire, of South Carolina, makes a most vigorous attack upon the writings of Miss Martineau and others, in reference to the subject of negro slavery, as it now exists in the United States. The gallant man, a native Southern, perhaps, or a Northern man with Southern principles, which means, generally speaking, either superabounding flunkysm or the ownership of negro chattels, blinking *all principle*, is quite facetious upon Miss Martineau's deafness, and the charm of chatting through a trumpet with a lady of a certain age. He seems to consider Miss Martineau's deafness so great an infirmity as to place accuracy of information on the merits or demerits of Slavery entirely beyond her capacity. There are, however, many less pretentious persons than Mr. Simms who believe that some defect in one or more than one of our senses, occasions in all the others, unimpaired, an increased quickness of perception. Miss Martineau, her deafness

Your own sad experience and facts much at variance
 With all your repeated averments,
 Prove plainly enough that the conscience, when tough,
 Or elastic or plastic, fantastic or drastic,
 Loves place and still hopes for preferments.

notwithstanding, could *see* as well as others the resemblance between a white father and his mulatto child. Mr. Simms and Miss Martineau are both well known in the literary world, but were we called upon to pass judgment upon their respective merits as writers or judges of human nature, we could scarcely better convey our meaning (age and infirmity notwithstanding) than in a very homely proverb, which we leave for application to the reader. So much for Mr. Simms and his chivalrous assault upon the ladies, Miss Martineau and Mrs. Stowe, and another whom he wantonly and cruelly drags into this controversy. The chivalry should confine themselves to assaults upon men; but here again we see that "the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God," and we have constantly before our eyes the vision of an Abel smitten prostrated and bleeding in a righteous cause, at the foot of the high altar of his God and his country, from the blows of his brother—the chivalrous Cain!

Another of the chivalry, Mr. Hammond, now a senator in Congress, in a letter to Mr. Clarkson, comes out with a great flourish of trumpets against the late Lord Macaulay for having asserted, in a speech on the sugar duties, in the House of Commons, that slave-owners in the United States, while boasting of their civilization and freedom, and frequenting Christian churches, breed up slaves, nay, beget children for slaves, and sell them at so much a head. This and other statements respecting the Slave States, Mr. Hammond calls vile and atrocious falsehoods. The statement here chiefly referred to, might be left as a question of veracity between both those gentlemen, if we were not all qualified to pass judgment on its merits. Can Mr. Hammond, from his seat in the United States Senate, lay his hand upon his heart and *re-state* before that august body, that he, a Southern man and a slave-owner, believes *that statement to be a falsehood*? If so, he must be one of the greatest simpletons that ever sat in a deliberative assembly! And what must be the alternative if he knows the statement to be *true*, as every man of common sense and observation must know, who studies the human physiognomy on a slave plantation, or frequents the slave market? Why, simply this, that Mr. Hammond, with his hand still upon his heart, and giving the first pronoun in the sentence an *adverbial mark* (sic!), can best reply in the words of his own quotation against Macaulay,

"Hic Niger est, hunc tui Romane, caveto!"

Harper, in his Memoir of Slavery, admits more than enough of its evils to consign it to the eternal reprobation of every honest man. He then proceeds to answer objections in a style of special pleading quite worthy of such a cause, and of such a cause only. Another chancellor, and, with reverence be it said, of a much higher order of intellect than Chancellor Harper (Lord Brougham), has given

SENATOR IVERSON.

What touches our natures in marred negro features,
Would go to convince us more clearly
Of stripes and of blows and of horrors and woes,
For sustenance purchased too dearly,
Than thousands of reams in your style of extremes,
And of logic urged too cavalierly.

SENATOR IVERSON.

IN this gentleman's speech on the 9th of January, 1860, is the following passage. We quote from the "Century," 14th January:—

"Let these loud-mouthed, blood-and-thunder braggadocio Abolition leaders assemble their arms and forces, and come down to Georgia to force us back, if they dare. We will not hang them, as they talk of doing to us. We will not dignify them by such a decent *exit* from the world. We will not show to them that respect which was accorded to their faithful representative, John Brown. But, by the Eternal! we will hang them up like dogs to the trees of the forest growing ready to our hands. In such a war, the South will stand firm, and exclaim, as did the ancient knight—

'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.' " ..

The following impromptu by a friend, on reading the above extract, is, we think, not unworthy of a place in this work:—

IMPROMPTU.

Nor abolition sons of thunder,
Nor Gascon fools nor heads of dunder,

his view, which has also been published, on the same question. We need only say to the reader—"Look at this picture and look at that." Chancellor Harper does not propose to defend the African slave-trade. Why not, good chancellor, seeing you regard slavery as a moral and humane institution, productive of the greatest political and social advantages? "Doubtless," he continues, "great evils arise from the slave-trade; unnecessary wars and cruel kidnappings in Africa; the most shocking barbarities in the middle passage; and, perhaps, a less humane system of slavery in countries continually supplied with fresh laborers at a cheap rate. Does not Mr. Harper know that it is the home demand that creates the foreign trade? You cannot have one without the other. While the learned chancellor is inconsistent with himself, both he and Mr. Hammond and Professor Dew are tilting against that portion of the chivalry headed by the Alstons, the Pryors, and the Keitts.

THE EVENING DAY-BOOK.

But deathless fame's loud-echoing train
That matchless statesman greet again,
With whom compared Gibraltar rock
Is crazy as a shuttlecock !
Thou *Georgium Sidus* of the Senate,
And *minim* of the wisdom in it—
Thou generalissimo of Lynchers,
And prince among the weasand pinchers
Of men and dogs on forest trees
High swinging in a Southern breeze,
Or in the balmy zephyrs swaying,
Whilst, as the harp of Orpheus, playing
The wildest, sweetest, saddest tones
Among their pulseless skeletons.
Æolian dirges ! soon to be
The *requiem* of Slavery.

We hail thee, sir, with solemn vow,
Such as our consciences allow ;
Ay, gentle sir, *not* by the Eternal,
Call we thy rhapsody infernal,
But stupid rant, inflated fustian,
Worthy a *negro-trading Christian* ;
Worthy the *Ethiopic zone*
Of Georgia and of *Iverson*.

There is now published in New York City an ultra pro-slavery newspaper, called "The Evening Day-Book." In virulent abuse of all who advocate slave emancipation it has no parallel in this country. The purest and brightest characters that ever cast a lustre on humanity are the objects of its unmeasured vituperation. Humboldt, Brougham, Macaulay, Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Seward, Mrs. Stowe, Lady Sutherland, Queen Victoria, are worse, in the estimation of its editor, than the lowest and vilest inhabitants of the Five Points. In short, Brown himself, this editor's type of every abomination, is an angel of light in comparison with those who labor for the peaceful abolition of slavery. To show the

difference between Free and Slave States, one need only try how a paper as virulent in the cause of Abolition as "The Day-Book" is in the advocacy of human bondage, would succeed in Charleston or New Orleans. In one hour from the notification of the establishment of such a print, the corpse of its publisher would be swinging from the *pole of liberty*, his types and press in the Mississippi or Cooper River, or fused in the smoking ruins of his dwelling or office. Something of this kind, we believe, took place a few years back, in the case of a Mr. Lovejoy, of Alton, in the Free State of Illinois.

So much for liberty and freedom of discussion in the South. So much for the principles of "The Evening Day-Book." Evening Day-Book! Ye gods, what a name! Evening Night-Book, Palpable Darkness, Pitchy Combustion, Burning Lava, Friend of Tyranny, Advocate of Oppression, Light Extinguisher, or any other title significant of sin, bondage, bitterness, barbarism, gloominess, murkiness, and death, would more accurately describe the character of this shameless periodical. Yet, strange to say, Messrs. Everett, Cushing, and others of the same order of intellect, are found, it is stated, in the number of its admirers or patrons. *O tempora! O mores!*

Talk of freedom of the press! There is no freedom of the press, in the highest sense of that term, and there cannot be in the United States till slavery be abolished. There is not in Philadelphia, Boston, or New York a single publisher who (while many commend it in the highest terms as a literary work) would dare to take in hand this volume for publication, from sheer and acknowledged terror of Southern influence. It would operate against their interests. The craft would be in danger.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE two following Cantos, with other poems of an anti-slavery character, were written soon after the murderous assault upon Mr. Sumner; but, from sheer terror of Southern influence, no one durst connect his name with them as Publisher. They are now respectfully presented to the public in a shape and form corresponding with "The Burden of the South."

BROOKS AND SUMNER.

CANTO I.

ANALYSIS.—Cruelty and Treachery illustrated.—Cannibals.—Cobra di Capello.—Slave State Bullies.—Malbrook.—A mime.—Siamese Twins.—Education of Southern Youth.—The Tree and its Fruit.—Geographic Morality.—Divine and Common Law respecting Murder.—Chivalry, Genuine, Spurious.—Certain Pugilists contrasted with Brooks and his Bottle-holders, K. & Co.—Birds of Prey.—The Fine.—The Judge.—Shylock and Pound of Flesh.—Shylock Estimates Human Life at more than Ten Times the Value set upon it by our Washington Daniel.—The Jew not to be excluded from Political Privileges.—Freedom of Debate illustrated by Reference to English History.—Southern Women.—Legree.—Our Fathers.

I.

WHERE cannibals are wanting cooks
Or butchers, we commend one Brooks,
A Congressman of Carolina.
He, of the tribe of Amphisbæna,*
A reptile is: one head his cane
Adorns, the other wraps his brain.
The latter, like the former, broken,
Would, or we greatly err, betoken,
A pan or sodered or bespread
With heavy garniture of lead.
The cane is of the man a part,

* Amphisbæna—A serpent with two heads.

Grim, rotten, blood-stained, like his heart ;
 Attendant friends are seen afield,
 With deadly weapons well concealed ;
 Each a revolver and a knife,
 To aid, if needed, in the strife.
 Our Cobra* Brooks, without a rattle,
 To raise the daring cry of battle,
 Wisely resolves to strike a blow
 Which falls unseen upon his foe,
 Like his *congener*—to elude
 Defence, he shoots into the blood
 His venom from *behind a hood*.
 But yet *unlike*, nor music charms
 Nor eloquence his rage disarms.
 Could noblest eloquence but save
 From cruel wounds or from the grave,
 Thou, Sumner, hadst escaped those pangs
 From poison of a reptile's fangs.
 His strokes of treacherous aggression
 Our Cobra plies in quick succession,†

* The Cobra di Capello, or hooded snake, is one of the most venomous of all the coluber class. Of this genus are the dancing snakes which are carried in baskets throughout Hindostan, and procure a maintenance for a set of people who play a few simple notes on the flute, with which the snakes seem much delighted, and keep time by a graceful motion of the head, erecting about half their length, and following the noise with gentle curves, like the undulating lines of a swan's neck. When the music ceases the snakes appear motionless ; but if not immediately covered up in the basket, the spectators are liable to fatal accidents. When it is irritated or prepared to bite, this reptile erects its body, bends down its head, and seems, as it were, hooded by the expanded skin of the neck,—hence its name. Its bite proves fatal in less than an hour.—*Shaw's Lectures*.

† According to a correspondent of the "New Orleans Picayune," Brooks struck, in rapid succession, twenty blows or more upon the head of the fallen or disabled Mr. Sumner. Brook's cane, it is added, was broken in pieces by their violence. The *animus* of the man was admitted, even by himself, before his jury, in declaring that if Mr. Sumner had been able to resist him, he (Brooks) would probably have committed an act of which, to the last moment of his life, he should never cease to repent. This language, interpreted, means—and was so understood by every

Till in his raving fancy's eye
 He sees his bleeding victim die,
 To gorge his animosity.
 There are who view, in this our hero,
 A Slave State bully *pederero*,
 Who comes to Congress with a charter,
 To turn his fire on any quarter
 Of either House, wherever he
 Can best resort to treachery
 Against the foes of Slavery.

II.

Truth, honor, freedom, gallantry,
 Valor and pride and pleasantry
 And love of enterprise and wars,
 And gentle courtesy and sears,
 In fighting for their ladies fair,
 Of knights of old the pastimes were.
 Ay, strength and pomp and deathless fame,
 Were *then* of chivalry the aim.
 When Godfrey and the *Cœur de Lion*
 Within the walls of their pavillion,
 For battle donned the bright mandillion.
 But now, ye gods ! the heart it sickens
 And every pulse in anger quickens,
 To hear men talk of chivalry
 As though they meant a rivalry
 In hazard, knighthood, strength and toil,
 And worth, and victory, and spoil,

one present—that he would with pistol or butcher-knife have killed Mr. Sumner. His repentance would, we fear, be pretty much of the same quality as that of an Irish brother-criminal, who repented—

“Not that he had *murdered*, but that he was *taken* !”

When meaning nothing but a brawl
On Congress floor or social hall
Of steamboat, or, perhaps, hotel,
At tinkling of a waiter's bell!
Or yet, some personal attack
With *treachery* demoniac!

III.

Ye shades of Pinckney and Calhoun!
Haines, Sumter, Rutledge, Marion!
Weep, if e'er spirits weep, to see
Our paragons of chivalry!
The scions of a hopeful State,
Which you had made or fancied great,
In men of talents and of worth,
And not a little proud of birth.
Weep at those sad arbitraments
At which all Christendom laments,
In kind unequalled and degree,
As acts of fierce brutality;
Yet lauded much by your descendants,
As though of valor the appendants.
All, all's of Slavery the fruit,
Accursed, alike in branch and root.

IV.

O, Brooks! thou shame of Carolina!
Would that thy fatherland were China!
Say, art thou come of that Malbrook
Whom Frenchmen for a *goblin* took?
Or that old dame whom some folks feel
So fascinating in *quadrille*—
Bowling and scraping with politeness,
Akin to dwelling, in triteness?

Of chivalry a scurvy mime,
 And most *contemptibly sublime!*
 Nay, with such arms! thy knife and cane—
 And Colt, and Lybian lion's skin,—
 Minus the soul once lodged within,—
 Thou must have come of overseers!
 An ancestry of murderers!!
 As we are not among thy flunkeys,
 We hail thee prince among the donkeys,
 Or apes, or lower race of monkeys.
 Bad imitator of the worst—
 Of crimes and criminals accursed.
 Thou art a moral Siamese,
 A monster of dualities;
 Twin head, twin heart, twin hand, twin mind,
 With more than aspic venom blind.
 The teachings of the overseer,
 "Brute, coward, ruffian, murderer,"*
 In full perfection all appear,
 Of Southern chivalry the type—
 A star extinguished—left a stripe.
 "A calf-skin on thy recreant limbs"
 We hang, in these our deathless rhymes.

v.

The tree—who knows not by its fruit,
 How bitter that which from the root

* This is undoubtedly severe; but is it unmerited? It is the voice of the public press, of the whole country, of the whole civilized world—not excepting a great number of the most vehement partisans of slavery. Here is a man who has had eternally on his lips the phrases chivalry, gallantry, code of honor, "passage of arms," &c., occupying, moreover, a position such as any man living might be proud of, yet guilty of an act of such "meanness, treachery, cruelty, and cowardice," as would cause the instant expulsion from a club of pugilists of any of its members.

Of that accursèd, fatal tree—
 Which we call *Southern Slavery*
 May spring? The child with power to strike
 A slave, will oft with freemen pick
 A quarrel, taught to glut that will
 Which would a tyrant's vengeance seal.*
 Who has not seen in Slave State boys
 A savage spirit that destroys
 All hope of good in future years,
 And yields a heritage of tears?
 The sights they see, the words they hear,
 The jests at all they should revere,
 To drink, to curse, to fight, to chew,
 To gamble, and what things ensue,
 What good to shun, what ill to do,—
 Are lessons which a child deprave,
 Wherever we behold a slave.
 The universal law of paction
 'Tween slave and master is reaction;
 Whatever vice a master plants
 Among his slaves, his children taints.
 Who, then, can wonder at that ire,
 That force of passionate desire,
 Which mark a Southern man's career?
 Constraining him to cry "*peccavi*,"
 Like Brooks before his judges. Have ye?
 If they the consequences fear,
 Of penitentiary gear.

* While we freely and cheerfully testify to the courteous, cordial, and manly bearing of Southern gentlemen, properly so called, it cannot be denied that uncontrolled and irresponsible authority over slaves gives to many Southern people an arrogance and insolence of manner which can never be assumed with impunity in a country where all white men, who are citizens, are upon a footing of political equality, and when the superiority, in all other respects, if any exist, is often on the side of those toward whom rudeness and superciliousness are exhibited. Hence, frequently, those fatal rencontres, so disgraceful in a civilized community.

Not many seen like Brooks, who fain
 Would brave and reckless seem again,
 When, condign punishment removed,
 They brew anew the vengeance loved?
 Thus all base spirits most affect
 What they in practice most reject.
 Those blood-spots of assassination
 Which stain our halls of legislation,
 Are but the fruits of education,
 Or of example,—where we see,
 The fearful crime of *Slavery*.

VI.

Who fain would, under the pretence
 Of geographic influence,
 For breach of law excuse derive,
 And at men's violence connive,
 Is but the tool of tyranny,
 Unworthy notice or reply.
 Just think of this "good Master Brook!
 Hot, hissing, valiant" bully-rook!
 You find it in the Pentateuch.
 The law of God's moralities
 Is not, in ratio of degrees
 Of latitude, to be restricted,
 For moral guilt—the cases like—
 Suppose from hate, to kill or strike,
 Or at the poles or at th' equator,
 Or wheresoever the Creator
 One's lot may cast: if differential
 (The *if* is scarcely reverential),
 Infinitessimally so,
 As moral algebraists show;

In common law, if you're a lawyer,
 And it concerns you as man-slayer
 To know how God and man provide
 Against the crime of homicide,
 Read—"Who with stone or wood or iron" *
 At unawares a man environ,
 And kill, are murderers decreed,
 And by the avenger's hand must bleed ;
 Ay, all who thus in hatred kill,
 Are murderers in fact and will ;
 No sanctuary can await
 Those who like you assassinate.
 And, mark the sequel, Master Brook !
 'Tis what you ought not overlook,
 'Tis blood alone can purge the land
 That is by murderers blood-stained ;
 And that the blood of those like Cain,
 Who have, in malice, brethren slain.

VII.

A gallant man resolved to fight
 In some good cause, or seeming right,
 Would only one of equal might
 Encounter—seeing him prepared
 With time and means to fend and ward.
 Good Master Brook ! such man is Layard,
Sans peur et sans reproche, like Bayard,
 And such a man is Cassius Clay,
 Who neither seeks nor fears a fray,
 A physical and moral hero,
 Whose courage never sinks to zero,

* See Book of Numbers, chap. 35 ; also Blackstone's Commentaries.

Nor through a *gutta percha* cane
 Ascends to liquefy the brain.*
 But, oh! our Norman blood revolts
 At butcher-knives and pocket "Colts."
 Clear stage, no favor, no foul play,
 Was with our ancestors the way
 To put an end to their disputes,
 Yet not with claws or teeth, like brutes.
 Better the mode of Spring and Langdon,†
 Men stout in principle and tendon—
 Of Yankee Sullivan and Hyer—
 Than thine, our Carolina squire!
 They scorned to strike at unawares
 Non-combatants, or men in years.
 We neither method would approve,
 Our creed's a creed of peace and love;
 Or, if it vary in degree,
 'Tis Phineas Fletcher's to a T.‡
 Join, Señor Brooks! in *camisados*,
 And *guerrilla*-like *passados*;
 Creep forth, assassin-like, in *petto*,
 And use the villanous *stiletto*!
 Yea, go beyond them all. Why not?
 Better thy teachers in slung-shot!

* Retaining our similitude of the *Amphisbæna*, we may illustrate the liquefaction and evaporation of our hero's courage by comparing the double cranium with that chemical apparatus of Messrs. Dulong & Petit, which consists of two upright glass tubes, connected at their bases by a horizontal tube of smaller dimensions. Since a free communication exists between the two tubes, mercury poured into the one will rise to the same level in the other, provided the temperature be the same in both tubes.

† Spring and Langdon, well-known English pugilists, possessed, besides physical strength and endurance, often the attributes of a brute, not a few other qualities deemed always respectable.

‡ Phineas Fletcher's to a T. "Let us pray the Lord that we be not tempted," said Simeon. "And so I do," said Phineas; "but if we are tempted too much, why let them look out—that's all."—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, p. 273.

And in the House or in the Senate,
 Show all that's of the ruffian innate.
 Bring, doughty champion! into vogue
 The fighting tactics of the Thug.
 Had Sumner rallied from those blows,
 Struck and incited by his foes,
 And struggled to defend his life,
 Thy knife, sweet Brooks! had ceased the strife,
 And made our halls of legislation
 Thy shambles of assassination.
 Good Master Brook, to such as you
 And Keitt and Edmundson are due—
 And R——e—men of vulgar grit,
 Such modes of argument and fight.

VIII

Ay, K. & Co., in fierce averment,
 Would keep both Houses in a ferment,
 Invoking Brooks, as of the class
 Of heroes, like Leonidas,—
 And every strait which checks the free,
 Thy glorious pass, Thermopylæ!
 And whereso blood is *foully spilt*,
 A more than sanctified Glen Tilt!
 Some birds there are which soar on high,
 And softly glide 'tween earth and sky,
 That with unerring wing they may
 Swoop down upon a *living* prey ;*
 And some are of that *vulture* kind,
 Which, save in *carnage*, never find

Quam facile accipiter saxo sacer, ales ab alto,
 Consequitur pennis, sublimem in nube columbam.
 Compressamque tenet, pedibusque eviscerat uncis;
 Tum cruor et vulsæ labuntur ab æthere, plumæ.

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, II. 721.

The smell and rottenness and taste
Which suit them for a full repast ;
And some are harbingers of war,—
Rapacious, cruel, which from far
Their quarry see in middle air,
And slay and lacerate it there.
Our K. & Co., of Congress Hall,
Combine the qualities of all.

IX.

Three hundred dollars as the price
Of wounds and bruises, may suffice
To turn *small brooks* into a flood
Of wrath and violence and blood.
Oh, righteous judge ! oh, second Daniel !
Is this the fine of our Nathaniel ?
A man of feeling, " without guile,"
But simply with intent to kill !
Oh, learned, wise, and noble judge !
Devoid of favor, fear, or grudge,
Thy views of mercy, sans distortion,
Should season justice " in proportion."*
'Twill as a precedent be pleaded,
That as a judge thou hast not heeded
The time, the place, the men, the cause,
The mode, the instruments, the laws ;
And many a crime by thy decree
Will find defenders and a plea.
Can a few dollars thus make good
The shedding of a Statesman's blood ?
A judge most reverend and upright,
In legal knowledge exquisite ;

* See Merchant of Venice.

Shylock would have his pound of flesh,
 Raw, bleeding, quivering, and fresh,
 Nearest the region of the heart,
 Nor with his forfeit-bond would part,
 For ten times all his debt's amount
 Paid on Antonio's account ;
 But Brooks, more wisely, in revenge,
 On *blood*, not *flesh*, his case would hinge ;
 That *blood* of animals the *life* is,*
 Of Jew and Christian the belief is.
 Shylock ! inexorable dog—
 Fit member of the synagogue
 Of hell ! the difference between
 Thee and our Christian Nazarene
 Was this, that thou didst value more
 Thy pound of flesh by half a score
 Times X † than he who has the cause,
 The blood of Sumner, by our laws
 Assessed. Was B. J. N. his ruler ;
 Was he in anywise controller,
 And by the process of traduction,
 From Shylock's case conveyed instruction ?

X.

Comes it to this, alas ! alas !
 That of the stock of Barabbas,
 "An Ebrew Jew" should dare arise
 And side with such atrocities ?
 Nor yet be with resistless might
 Cast like a vampire into night ?

* The blood is the life, Deut. xii. 23 ; see also Gen. ix. 4 ; Lev. xvii. 11, 14.

† Three thousand Venetian ducats of exchange are equal to \$2,888.40. The letter X is here used as the numeral for ten.

Thus Rubek in intemperate haste
A baneful principle expressed,
But soon as reason had renewed
Her empire o'er him, he pursued
A train of argument more just,
And rights of parliament discussed
In language spirited, but free
From ire and inconsistency.
"None should," said he, "the Jew exclude,
Who hold that men are all one blood—
Or if not one, be it confessed,
The Jew is equal to the best
Of human types—his every grace,
His noble lineaments of face,
His talents (penal bands removed),
His port by civil rights improved,
His caution, shrewdness, tact combined—
His every quality of mind
And body—fit for peace or war,
For commerce in particular,
For science, art, and of the schools,
That knowledge least acquired by fools,
All point him out as who should be
Free in a land where all are free;
Free in a land of free debate,
With every right inviolate.
It should, withal, admitted be,
That we to him civility,
And Christian light and liberty,
And truth, and hope, and faith divine—
Owe all; all, therefore, should combine
To censure that he, despite his creed,
In civil polity be freed
From all restrictions which efface

His equal rights to power and place.
 Who Philo's learning would refuse,
 Or thine, Josephus, thine not choose
 To honor, as by nation Jews?
 Or Soult, Massena, Mendelssohn,
 Or D'Israeli, both sire and son?
 Or David's, Braham's, Rachel's arts,
 In painting, song, dramatic parts?
 Or Rothschild's, first of financiers
 In either of our hemispheres?
 Or Solomon's magnificence,
 Without excess or vain pretence?
 Or thee, superb Montefiore,
 Beloved alike by Whig and Tory?
 Or all we once possessed of thine,
 Mellifluous rebel, Benjamin?
 Nor is nor yet deserves to be
 Himself among the great and free."

XI.

Where is that freedom of debate
 Which should characterize a State,
 A great and sovereign State like ours,
 Among the first of human powers?
 Where is that cry of privilege
 With which the Commons met their liege
 When Hampden, Hollis, Pym and Strode
 Against that haughty monarch's code
 Of *right divine*, dared to decree
 Debate, in parliament, as free?
 Not the mere watchword of a faction,
 Evoking violent coaction,
 But of true liberty the test,
 And of our fathers' gifts the best;

A just, inalienable right,
 For which they were prepared to fight—
 Life, fortune, honor, all to plight.
 If Brooks, expelled (as all agree
 He ought, and doubtless soon will be),*
 Should be to Congress re-elected,
 And by that body e'er respected,
 Then welcome every ruffian breach
 On boasted liberty of speech ;
 Be Sumner's wise and honored head
 With wounds and bruises overspread,
 In chains suspended from a rafter
 To move his peers to shouts of laughter ;
 Our law, authority, and rules
 The sport and mockery of fools,
 Our evil good, our good be evil,
 And all surrendered to the devil.

XII.

If women are far better taught
 Than men, 'tis naught to wonder at ;
 Our Northern mothers in the South,
 And Southern mothers in their youth,
 Adopting oracles of truth—
 The sacred Scriptures—with their leaven
 Their daughters' minds exalt to heaven ;
 Their vigilance removes from view
 Whatever would the soul imbue

* Brooks is indeed expelled, for the good of his country, by a *fiat* to which all must submit ; but, in that he had not been expelled the House of Representatives by a unanimous vote of that body, and that he was re-elected one of its members ; and that his murderous violence seemed, from the presentation to him of so many fancy walking-sticks, approved of and applauded by a number of Southern people, we find one of the most melancholy instances upon record of the blind fury of faction.

With the foul elements of vice—
 Pride, passion, envy, prejudice ;
 And hence it is, what cannot fade, is
 As much admired in Southern ladies
 As any on the globe beside,
 Where virtue, honor, truth, abide,
 And beauty, marking every feature
 In strict congruity with nature ;
 And education, lending charms
 To all that clime or virtue warms
 Into perfection of that growth
 Which nothing more can add to youth,
 Or in maturity or age
 Our love and reverence more engage.

XIII.

Ah, who can tell how many a slave
 Is saved from ruin and the grave,
 What tears are dried, and stopped what cries,
 By gentle woman's sympathies ?
 If you an Eva or St. Clair,
 The latter doubtless far more rare,
 Or Mrs. Selby find,—conclude
 That there is love and gratitude.
 Cassies and Prues in shape of woman,
 Legrees and Haleys are more common
 The men among ; not *our* Legree,
 His type, perhaps, in infamy
 Is found, in kind, not in degree ;
 His wife and children dreaded sore
 His wrath, nor ventured to implore
 That he for mercy's sake forbear
 His negroes' flesh to brand and tear ;

But, with exceptions, woman is
 The only hope from this abyss,
 This hell on earth, this prodigy
 Of fraud and gross iniquity.
 But boys, corrupted from their birth,
 Are, like their slaves, enchained to earth,
 And slaves or tyrants will remain—
Tyrants to slaves, or slaves to gain.
 In either case there are exceptions
 Which clash not with our just conceptions,
 But would elucidate the rule,
 And doubts forever disannul.

XIV.

We would not slaves at once set free—
 We advocate indemnity.
 Call a convention of the world—
 Let freedom's banners be unfurled,
 Encourage vast colonization,
 Extend the fruits of education—
 With one great impulse, one and all
 The Christian nations should recall
 The sons of 'Afric to their home,
 Wherever they may chance to roam;
 Then send the Gospel's glorious sound
 To all the nations far and round,
 Uniting North, East, West, and South
 In proclamation of the truth,
 Till Jew and Gentile all agree
 In faith, love, truth, and equity.

XV.

Ah, may that blood which trickled down
 From the beloved and honored crown

Of spotless Sumner, prove the seed,
The talisman of Freedom's creed ;
A pledge that we are all sincere,
In every effort, every prayer,
That every people, equally
Create, should be forever free.

XVI.

Prosper, kind Heaven ! fair freedom's cause ;
Defend her ways, perfect her laws,
Till every land with ours unites
To claim inalienable rights
For Afric's sons ! till they and all
Attain the highest pinnacle
Of human happiness, nor cease
To reap the fruits of joy and peace.

BROOKS AND BURLINGHAME

ANALYSIS.—Cry for more Blood.—The Tiger's Rage, impotent against Imputations of Cowardice, Quixotic, &c.—Its Natural Fruit.—Punchinello.—Pat at Donnybrook contrasted with Brooks.—Premonitory Raps.—Humbug.—Fear of Assassination.—Canadian Laws.—Conclusion.

I.

OUR bravo, Brooks, must have more blood
To wash away the crimson flood
Of Sumner's life, which stains his hands,
And as a damning witness stands
Of coward treachery and crime,
The tiger's rage, the serpent's slime.
With human blood who tries his hate
To cool, becomes insatiate ;
Just like a lion, if it haps
A single drop should 'dew his chaps,
He sniffs it in the tainted gale,
And all its essence would inhale
To glut his every appetite
Of taste, touch, hearing, smell, and sight.
"Out, out, d——d spot," our hero cries ;
"Who says I am a coward, lies !
And, curse him ! by this hand he dies.
Of blood I reckon not, but the stain
Which on mine honor must remain,
If I cannot efface the dye
Of cowardice and treachery

With which they seek my name to smirch,
Both in the State and in the Church,
In every section of our land,
On every sea, on every strand,
In every quarter of the world
Where'er our banner is unfurled."

II.

Good Master Preston Bully-rook!
He must the imputation brook
Of murder in no small degree,
And cowardice and treachery ;
Nor can he be pronounced as brave
By any but an arrant slave,
Who seeks like thee to take a life
By pistol, cane, or butcher-knife.
Suppose you now should Burlinghame,
With sword or rifle, kill or maim,
You stand no better than before,
I. e., a craunching, foaming boar,
Determined only on revenge
On all within thy savage swinge.
If thou, good sir, will be too froward,
Like Codrington in fight untoward,*
To every man who calls you coward,
And proves, *componere sic eram*,
Pronus brave men, with "*laches*"† in buckram,
Thou'lt have more enemies to fight
Than any other errant knight,
Since in Mambrino's battered casque
La Mancha's hero found a mask

* Codrington of Navarino memory.

† For a definition of "*lache*," see French Dictionary.

More suited to his crazy brain
 Than all the armories of Spain
 Could furnish. Sir, there is dependence
 Between more blood and more repentance ;
 And sure as cause precedes event,
 Will crime draw on its punishment.
 Whate'er one sows must needs take root,
 And yield its kind in leaf and fruit.
 Do think of this, good Master Brooks ;
 It is recorded in those books
 Which you may find and read at home,
 Or wheresoever else you roam.

III.

In seeking cause for the duello,
 You act the part of Punchinello,
 That blustering, swaggering, stage-struck fellow,
Semper armatus ut pro bello.
 When Pat would act the bully-rook
 On his own ground, at Donnybrook,
 He threatened any man to whale
 Who dared on his bedraggled tail
 Of coat to tramp, with naked foot,
 Or touch with stick, or press with boot ;
 Yet less infuriate far than thou,
 Pat ne'er would have sought a row,
 Would ne'er have aimed a treacherous blow
 At any man not so offending,
 Nor skilled with weapons in contending—
 Would not a man, when sitting down,
 Belabor on his naked crown
 While o'er his papers lowly bending.
 Nor would he quietly have stood
 To see a peaceful man with blood

And wounds and bruises covered o'er,
 A weltering victim, on that floor
 Of Congress, where, as Senator,
 As Statesman, and as Orator,
 He won renown,* without some aid—
 Not caring if a myriad
 With hostile thoughts such victim viewed,
 Or what to him (Pat) had ensued.
 But bully Brooks, with Congress flail,
 Like Satan swinging folded tail,
 Strikes right and left and fast as hail
 Vicarious blows,† *sans* provocation.
 Not Sumner's noble, honored head,
 More to defile than grieve, degrade
 The head and heart of this great nation;
 Thus making us with foreign powers
 A proverb'd land of brutes and boors!

IV.

Pray, mention not thy *warning* taps,
 Thy smart *premonitory* raps,
 Designed to put men on defence;
 'Tis all a lying, vain pretence!
 Revolting to our common sense.
 No, no, good sir! not such thy practiques,
 Or we mistake thy fighting tactics;
 The bottle-holders by thy side
 Had helped, if thou for help hadst cried.
 Thy terrors lest a foe should rush
 To take thy life from every bush

* See the note on Mr. Sumner, at the end.

† Vicarious blows. We doubt if Senator Butler considers himself under obligations to his "gallant relation!!" for this unheard of outrage.

'Tween Washington and Buffalo,
 Or any course you chose to take
 Along the coast or o'er a lake,
 To meet a brave, mistaken foe,
 Proves you, methinks, more fond of life
 Than eager for a mortal strife.
 Like woman stooped to shame and folly,*
 Thou, ill-starred Brooks, shouldst wish to *die*,
 To sink the names of coward and bully,
 Which, living, thou canst never fly.
 The neutral and impartial soil
 Of Canada may yield a coil
 Of rope, not by the law of Lynch,
 Thy weasand pipe to stretch and pinch,
 But such as judges and a jury
 Enforce without or hate or fury
 Against those miscreants whose will
 Is prone a brother's blood to spill,
 To take the life they cannot give,
 And cause society to grieve
 For men with whom their utmost weight
 Is but a feather in the freight
 Of worth. Pray do, good Brooks, give o'er,
 And let us hear that name no more
 But as the memory of a dream,
 Too sad, too horrible to name !

* Like woman, &c. This quatrain is an imitation from Goldsmith.

THE HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

THE author of these poems has not the honor of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Sumner, and has never, save once, at the Cooper Institute, in New York, seen or heard him. It is, however, evident to any one who reads or listens to Mr. Sumner's speeches and lectures, that he belongs to the first class of orators and statesmen. His orations and tractates on State affairs seem to us more scholarly and luminous than those of any other member of Congress. He is one of those who "bring knowledge from afar." In most apposite and copious illustrations, he lays art and science under contribution. He is profoundly versed in law, history, and philosophy, a good classical scholar, and in modern languages of no ordinary attainments. His industry is marvellous, his energy and perseverance are indomitable. He is, in the whole *curriculum* of Congressional duties, more and better than a cyclopædist; and, better still, his moral character is unimpeached and unimpeachable.

Among the heaviest blows ever struck upon human bondage, were, assuredly, those that recoiled upon it from the defenceless head of Mr. Sumner through the ruffian violence of Brooks. They have also recoiled, with terrific force and most righteous and significant retribution, upon Brooks himself, as well as upon his abettors and friends. They have raised up thousands and tens of thousands of enemies against slavery among those who had previously acquiesced in it, or were utterly indifferent about it. They have had, moreover, the effect of arousing—after his recovery from their consequences—to efforts almost superhuman, the powers and faculties of Mr. Sumner himself, who, it must be admitted, is one of the ablest, most successful, and uncompromising adversaries of slavery, and one of the most eloquent advocates of human rights.

That the conspirators now on trial, or others of their fraternity, were preparing to assassinate Mr. Sumner, scarcely admits of a doubt. He was, with the exception, perhaps, of our murdered President, more feared and hated by rebels and rebel sympathizers than any other distinguished person, and was certainly the most formidable enemy they had ever encountered on the floor of Congress. The blood poured out from his honored head upon the altar of his country was the first great sacrifice of that kind offered up, in the national temple, to the idol of the Southern Moloch. Mr. Sumner was at once recognized by all Christendom *abroad* as the earliest Congressional martyr to the cause of negro emancipation. But such were the power and influence of his enemies at *home*, that a fine of *three hundred dollars* was considered, by the Judge who passed sentence upon his assailant, a sufficient punishment for the crime! If Brooks had been duly amerced for that great offence against human life and freedom of debate, we should not, perhaps, have now to deplore the horrible assassination that fills the world with mourning. A daily ducking at a public pump and an occasional public flagellation at a cart-tail, for a series of months or years, would deprive all attempts at assassinations of the ideal romance and patriotism of that most dastardly and atrocious sort of murder.

We do not always agree with Mr. Sumner, especially on certain points touching his views of the present policy of England in our national affairs. Honest, and able, and kind-hearted, and conscientious as they unquestionably are, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Greeley, and other eminent men of their way of thinking, are, we are persuaded, unwarrantably severe on the Palmerston ministry.

True it is, indeed, that the sympathy of the English nobility, generally, and of others of the higher classes of England, with the rebel slave-owners of the South, is most aggravating and offensive to every loyal American, every friend of free institutions, every unprejudiced and right-minded man in both hemispheres, as well as most inconsistent with England's former pro-

fessions of hostility to human bondage. But then we must remember that we have the great mass of British subjects on our side ; and that many of the most distinguished in that empire, and a majority in the British Parliament, are at argreement with the Administration and the royal family, in the matter of refusing to acknowledge the rebel States among free and independent nations.

It is difficult to account for the prejudice of so many in England, Ireland, and Scotland, in favor of the Southern Confederacy so-called. It is, indeed, characteristic of a brave, generous, and heroic people, to admire heroism in others, and to have always, during a conflict between two parties—if unequal in strength—some sympathy for the weaker. We never see two individuals engaged in fight, and for neither of whom we had any previous predilection, without throwing our wishes and sympathies into the scale for the less powerful, with a view of equalizing the chances of battle. But there are, on the other hand, so many countervailing considerations which should dispose us to desire the extirpation of human slavery, that we are induced to regard as unchristian, inconsistent, and unpardonable in freeborn Britons, any sympathy whatever with the upholders and propagandists of that abominable system.

Mr. Sumner's remonstrances with British statesmen, how greatly soever he may be mistaken as regards *some of them*, are the strongest possible evidence of his honesty, fearlessness, and independence. His sojourn among them and among others of the leading men in Europe has given him opportunities, enjoyed comparatively by few, of thoroughly knowing and respecting them ; while he had the satisfaction, in return, of being respected and understood by them. His distinguished abilities, varied accomplishments, and high reputation have, in short, with the knowledge of his great sufferings in a righteous cause, given him the *entrée* to the best society in Christendom, nor has he failed in any particular to turn the privilege to good account.

THE CAGED STARLING.

ANALYSIS.—The Starling compared with the Human Slave.—“Can’t get out.”—Complaint.—Wishes.—Happiness of Flying.—Choosing a Mate and Food.—Love.—Song of praise.—Sympathy with a Negro flogged for attending Public Worship on the Sabbath.—Jailer selfish and jealous.—Jailer’s Wife and Children.—One, a blue-eyed little Maiden, desires to hear the Starling’s Song.

I.

THE Starling, doubtless, was well fed ;
He cracked his seed and picked his bread,
And drank, and could far better lave
His body than a human slave,
Who wants or time, or will, or water
To pay attention to such matter.
“But then,” said he, “I can’t get out,”—
His greatest misery, no doubt,—
“I cannot choose a wingèd mate,
I cannot carol, as of late,
I scarce can move, I cannot fly,
My body here, my thoughts on high ;
Shall I no more behold the day
When I shall sing my roundelay,
And jump and hop and sing and play
Among the boughs from tree to tree,
As light as air and quite as free,
No one divining whence I come,
Or where I go, my will my home,

THE CAGED STARLING.

My outspread plumage gayly sunning,
And through my toilet antics running?
Ah, shall I never more be able
To choose my food at nature's table,
Or at her fountain sweetly drink,
And view my dearest from its brink,
And love her too, and touch her mind,
And love to love responsive find?
When I to that blue heaven shall come,
Which stretches far beyond her home,
I then my love may view askance,
Enjoy the raptures of her glance,
My gayest colors deftly prink,
And heart to heart forever link.

II.

With glee of heart and note of joy,
How happy, happy to employ
Our tongues to praise the God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Fills all beneath the cheering sun,
Beneath the stars, beneath the moon,
Beneath the waves and all around,
Where height and breadth and depth immense
Proclaim his wise omnipotence,
His goodness without let or bound.
All works of his creative hand
Protecting providence demand;
Their Keeper as their Architect,
He only can their course perfect.
What creatures walk, or fly, or swim,
Earth, air, or deep, chant forth their hymn—
Yea all, in daily strains, prolong
Their tribute of a tuneful song.

THE CAGED STARLING.

Nor more in *weal* than in their *woe*,
Should *from all hearts* this tribute flow.
Shackles on tongues! Oh, infamy!
The vilest fruit of slavery.
Yet I have seen a black man stripped
Of all his clothes, and nearly whipped
To death, because, on Sabbath days,
He would his Maker duly praise!

III.

Vain thoughts! these bars preclude escape!
The world, to me, is hung in crape;
The tree which calls me to its fruit,
The worm, the berry, and the root,
The seed most pleasant to my taste,
I see afar, and stand aghast
To think that all should thus decay,
And as a vision pass away.
My jailer selfish is and jealous,
And I to please, perhaps too zealous.
He hears my prattle and my song,
Such songs as from a captive flow,
The artless vocatives of woe,
Which only to a slave belong.
The more to please him is my zeal
The less disposed he seems to feel
To grant the wishes oft expressed
In all the heavings of my breast.

IV.

I make his wife and children laugh;
They cannot, surely, know one half
The wretchedness I undergo,
When I attempt to please them so.

THE CAGED STARLING.

How few reflect, if they should be
A captive, exile, slave like me,
What *then* would be their hidden feelings,
Their sorrows and their soul's revealings.

v.

Ah, me ! perchance that lovely child,
With dimpled cheek and aspect mild,
And sky-blue eyes and golden hair,
Who listens to our wood-notes wild,
By sympathy in all things led,—
God's blessing on her gentle head !—
Would for my freedom gladly plead,
If she were not withheld by fear ?
Her feelings show in every look,
Like silver in a crystal brook,
As bright, yet warmed by a heart
Whose pulses glow with hallowed flame,—
From her 'twere bitter grief to part,
If grief with freedom ever came ;
But even she would plead in vain
To break her darling's galling chain.
I'll sing, as she desires, the song—
The captive's song of which I've spoken—
Although it but repeats the wrong
By which my heart is almost broken.

THE STARLING'S SONG.

i.

My native place lies far beyond
The deep blue waters of the ocean.
Of flight and change, alas ! too fond,
It set my heart-strings in commotion

THE CAGED STARLING.

To hear of this far distant shore.
I longed to see its vast expansion ;
Its liberty was evermore
Beyond my utmost comprehension.

II.

Time was when, flying, breast to breast,
My love and I could all about us
Enraptured see, and sink to rest
Where all was peace, within, without us ;
But see me now away from home,
Within a cage's close environs—
I feel that those who love to roam
Will sometimes find themselves in irons.

III.

We cleft the air, and wing to wing
Inhaled the balmy breeze of morning,
Relieving oft our journeying
With snatches of our love's adorning.
Our spirits felt each coming change
Of days and moons, but could not reason
Of countless things within the range
Of HIM who rules each time and season.

IV.

A berry here, an insect there,
We found as appetite would guide us,
Nor compass nor a leader's care
Was needed these things to provide us ;
But all I see is now a waste,
A solitude without enjoyment ;
No household cares to suit my taste,
No love, no freedom, no employment.

THE CAGED STARLING.

V.

If thou, my sweet and winsome child !
Were but like me, a little starling,
Or I like thee, my wishes wild
Would never seek another darling ;
Our home, where'er that home might be,
Like Eden, rich in every blessing,
Would be the home of purity
And love—caressed and e'er caressing.

VI.

Our dawn of hope and fount of joy,
Kind Providence our wants supplying ;
The life of life without alloy
Would be the will and power of flying.
To voice so harsh and rough as mine
How few like thee would have attended !
Teach me the melody of thine,
Thy winning ways ; my song is ended.

No, never, never shall I see
Or taste thy fruits, sweet liberty !
Where are my father, sister, brother,
Belovèd children, good old mother ?
Die here I must, and leave no token
That *this my little heart is broken !*"

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